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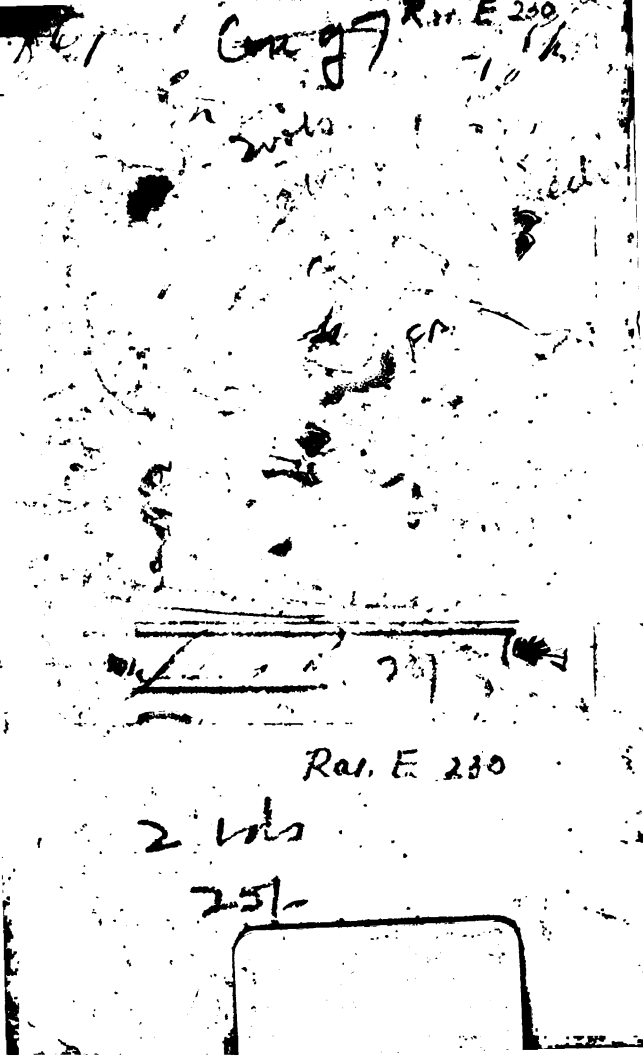
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Wrote by the Ingenious before 1600.

Publiſhed by ALLAN RAMSAY.

Still green with Bays each ancient Altar ſtands,
Above the Reach of ſacrilegious Hands,
Secure from Flames, from Envys fiercer Rage,
Deſtructive War and all devouring Age.

POPE.

EDINBURGH,
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To His GRACE

JAMES

Duke of HAMILTON, &c.

Captain General,

And the rest of the Honourable MEMBERS of the

Royal COMPANY *of* ARCHERS,

My LORDS *and* GENTLEMEN,

WHEN the more eminent Concerns of Life, or the agreeable Diversion of the BOW, do

not employ your leasure Time, the following OLD BARDS present you with an Intertainment that can never be disagreeable to any SCOTS Man, who despises the Fopery of admiring nothing but what is either new or foreign, and is a Lover of his Country. Such the Royal Company of ARCHERS are, and such every good Man should strive to be.

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make a Demand for that immortal Fame that tuned their Souls ſome Hundred Years ago, which is in your Power, by countenancing to beſtow. They do not addreſs you with an indigent Face, and a Thouſand pityful Apologies, to bribe the good Will of the Criticks. No! 'tis long ſince they were ſuperiour to the Spleen of theſe four Gentlemen.

EVERY one who has Generoſity, and is not byaſſed with a miſtaken Prejudice, will allow, that good Senſe, ſharp Satyre, and witty Mirth, may be expreſs'd with a true Spirit, altho' in antiquated Words and Phraſes: When one beſtows but a very ſmall Pains to enter into the Authors Manner, then 'tis not to be doubted but the ROYAL COMPANY will receive and approve of theſe valuable Remains, and

and have a due Regard to the Memory of these meritorious Authors, and accept this Dedication from,

My LORDS *and* GENTLEMEN,

Their faithful Publisher,

And your most humble

And devoted Servant,

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Edin. Octob. 15. 1724.

PREFACE.

I *Have observed that* Readers *of the best and most exquisite Discernment frequently complain of our* modern Writings, *as filled with affected Delicacies and studied Refinements, which they would gladly exchange for that natural Strength of Thought and Simplicity of Stile our Forefathers practised: To such, I hope, the following* Collection of Poems *will not be displeasing.*

When these good old Bards *wrote, we had not yet made Use of imported Trimming upon our Cloaths, nor of foreign Embroidery in our Writings. Their* Poetry *is the Product of their own Country, not pilfered and spoiled in the Transportation*

tation from abroad: Their Images *are native, and their* Landskips *domeſtick; copied from thoſe Fields and Meadows we every Day behold.*

The Morning *riſes (in the Poets Deſcription) as ſhe does in the* Scottiſh *Horizon. We are not carried to* Greece *or* Italy *for a Shade, a Stream or a Breeze. The* Groves *riſe in our own Valleys; the* Rivers *flow from our own Fountains, and the* Winds *blow upon our own Hills. I find not Fault with thoſe Things, as they are in* Greece *or* Italy: *But with a* Northern Poet *for fetching his Materials from theſe Places, in a Poem, of which his own Country is the Scene; as our* Hymners *to the* Spring *and* Makers *of* Paſtorals *frequently do.*

This Miſcellany *will likewiſe recommend itſelf, by the Diverſity of Subjects and Humour it contains. The grave Deſcription and the wanton Story, the moral Saying and the mirthful Jeſt, will illuſtrate and alternately relieve each other.*

The Reader *whoſe Temper is ſpleen'd with the* Vices *and* Follies *now in Faſhion,*

on, may gratifie his Humour with the Satyres *he will here find upon the* Follies *and* Vices *that were uppermoſt two or three Hundred Years ago. The Man, whoſe Inclinations are turned to* Mirth, *will be pleaſed to know how the good Fellow of a former Age told his jovial Tale; and the* Lover *may divert himſelf with the old faſhioned* Sonnet *of an amorous Poet in* Q. Margaret *and* Q. Mary's *Days. In a Word, the following* Collection *will be ſuch another Proſpect to the Eye of the Mind, as to the outward Eye is the various Meadow, where Flowers of different Hue and Smell are mingled together in a beautiful Irregularity.*

I hope alſo the Reader, *when he dips into theſe* Poems, *will not be diſpleaſed with this Reflection, That he is ſtepping back into the Times that are paſt, and that exiſt no more. Thus the* Manners *and* Cuſtoms *then in Vogue, as he will find them here deſcribed, will have all the Air and Charm of* Novelty; *and that ſeldom fails of exciting Attention and pleaſing the Mind. Beſides, the*

Numbers, *in which these* Images *are conveyed, as they are not now commonly practised, will appear new and amusing.*

The different Stanza *and varied* Cadence *will likewise much sooth and engage the Ear, which in* Poetry *especially must be always flattered. However, I do not expect that these* Poems *should please every Body, nay the critical* Reader *must needs find several Faults; for I own that there will be found in these* Volumes *two or three Pieces, whose* Antiquity *is their greatest Value; yet still I am perswaded there are many more that shall merit* Approbation *and* Applause *than* Censure *and* Blame. *The best Works are but a Kind of* Miscellany, *and the cleanest Corn is not without some Chaff, no not after often Winnowing: Besides,* Dispraise *is the easiest Part of* Learning, *and but at best the Offspring of* uncharitable Wit. *Every Clown can see that the Furrow is crooked, but where is the Man that will plow me one straight?*

There is nothing can be heard more silly than one's expressing his Ignorance *of his*

his native Language; *yet such there are, who can vaunt of acquiring a tolerable Perfection in the* French *or* Italian *Tongues, if they have been a Forthnight in* Paris *or a Month in* Rome: *But shew them the most elegant Thoughts in a* Scots *Dress, they as disdainfully as stupidly condemn it as barbarous. But the true Reason is obvious: Every one that is born never so little superior to the* Vulgar, *would fain distinguish themselves from them by some Manner or other, and such, it would appear, cannot arrive at a better* Method. *But this affected Class of Fops give no Uneasiness, not being numerous; for the most part of our Gentlemen, who are generally Masters of the most useful and politest* Languages, *can take Pleasure (for a Change) to speak and redd their own.*

It was intended that an Account of the Authors *of the following* Collection *should be given; but not being furnished with such distinct Information as could be wished for that End at present, the* Design *is delayed, until the publishing of a* Third *or* Fourth

suc-

ſucceeding Volume, *wherein the* Curious *ſhall be ſatisfied, in as far as can be gathered, with Relation to their* Lives *and* Characters, *and the Time wherein they flouriſhed. The Names of the* Authors, *as we find them in our* Copies, *are marked before or after their* Poems.

I cannot finiſh this Preface, *without grateful Acknowledgements to the Honourable Mr.* WILLIAM CARMICHAEL *of* Skirling, *Brother to the Earl of* Hyndford, *who, with an eaſy Beneficence that is inſeparable from a ſuperior Mind, aſſiſted me in this* Undertaking *with a valuable Number of* Poems, *in a large* Manuſcript-Book *in* Folio, *collected and wrote by Mr.* George Bannyntine *in* Anno 1568; *from which* MS. *the moſt of the following are gathered: And if they prove acceptable to the World, they may have the Pleaſure of expecting a great many more, and ſhall very ſoon be gratified.*

CHRYSTS-

CHRYSTS-KIRK OF THE GRENE.

I.

WAS nevir in *Scotland* hard nor ſene
Sic Dancing and Deray,
Nowthir at *Falkland* on the Grene,
Nor *Pebills* at the Play,

NOTES.

Becauſe we ſtrictly obſerve the old Orthography; for the more Conveniency of the Readers, we ſhall note ſome general Rules at the Bottom of the Page, as they occur, wherein the old Spelling differs from the preſent, in Words that have nothing elſe of the Antique, or Difference from the *Engliſh*: But ſhall refer you to the Gloſſary at the End of the ſecond Vol. for the Explanation of all of that kind in particular, and of thoſe that are more peculiar to this Nation.

Rule 1. *Grene*, *Sene*, *Cléne*, &c. Green, Seen, Clean. The double *ee* is ſupplied in ſuch Words, commonly with one *e* before, and another after the Conſonant.

As was of Wowers, as I wene,
At *Chryſts-Kirk* on a Day;
Thair came our Kitties waſhen clene
In new Kirtills of Gray,
Full gay,
At *Chryſt-Kirk* of the Grene that Day.

II.

To danſs thir Damyſells them dicht,
Thir Laſſes licht of Laits:
Thair Gluvis war of the Raffell richt,
Thair Shune war of the Straits;
Thair Kirtills war of Lincome licht,
Weil preſt with mony Plaits:
They war ſae nyſs when Men them nicht,
They ſqueilt lyke ony Gaits,
Sae loud, at, *&c.* that Day.

III. Or

Danſs, *Fenſs*, *Glanſs*, Dance, Fence, Glance. The *ſs* us'd for the *ce* often in ſuch Words.

Dicht, *Licht*, *Richt*, &c. Dight, Light, Right. [illegible]*th* in ſuch Words always us'd in Place of the *gh*.

Gluvis, *Lufe*, *Haſe*, &c. Gloves, Love, Have. The *ſ* and *v* indifferently made uſe of in thoſe and the like Words.

Shune, *Mune*, *Sune*, &c. Shoon (or Shoes) Moon, Soon, the double *oo*, never found in ſuch Words. Sometimes they are ſpell'd, *Sone*, *Mone*; but in thoſe, as in many others, we have endeavour'd to fix the Orthography to the moſt frequent Manner.

III.

Of all thir Maidens myld as meid,
Was nane ſae jimp as *Gillie*:
As ony Roſe her Ryde was reid,
Her Lyre was lyke the Lillie.
Fow zellow, zellow was her Heid;
Bur ſcho of Lufe ſae ſilly,
Thocht all hir Kin had ſworn hir Deid,
Scho wald haif but ſweit *Willie*
Alane, at *Chryſt-Kirk*, &c. that Day.

IV.

Scho skornit *Jok* and skrapit at him,
And murgeont him with Mokks,
He wald haif luvit, ſcho wald not lat him,
For all his zellow Lokks.

Weil, Deid, Heid, Meid, &c. Well, Dead, Head, Mead. The Diphthong *ei* us'd in many ſuch Words as now require *e*, *ea* and *ee*.

Sae, Wae, Mae, Nane, Wald, &c. So, Wo, Moe, None, Would. The *a* and *ae* in Place of *o* and *oe*, except in thoſe Words, *Ony, Mony*, which are the reverſe

Nyſs, Wyfs, Byt, Hyd, Myld, Lyk, &c. Niee, Wife, Bite, Hide, Mild, Like. Our not ſounding the *i* as the *Engliſh* do, accounts very well; for our Elders ſpelling all Words with a *y* of ſuch a Sound.

He chereiſt hir, ſcho bad gae chat him,
Scho compt him not twa Clokks:
Sae ſchamefully his ſchort Goun ſet him,
His Limms wer dyk twa Rokks,
Scho ſaid at, *&c.* that Day.

V.

THOM LUTAR was thair Menſtral meit,
O Lord! as he coud lanſs:
He playt ſae ſchill, and ſang ſae ſweet,
Quhyle *Towſie* tuke a Tranſs.
Auld *Lightfute* thair he did forleit,
And counterfittet *Franſs*;
He us'd himſelf as Man diſcreit,
And up tuke *Morris* Danſs,
Full loud, at, *&c.* that Day.

VI. THEN

Sang, Lang, Band, Thrang, &c. Song, Long, Bond, Throng, the *a* is us'd in Place of *o*.

Tuke, Bluke, Guke, Luke, Fule, Shute, &c. Took, Blood, Good, Look, Fool, Shoos.

Quhyle, Quhat, Quho, Quhyt, &c. While, What, Who, White. The *qu* is always us'd for the German *w*, when an *h* immediately follows. See Mr. *Ruddiman's* Glotſary to *Gavin Douglas's* Virgil.

Auld, Bauld, &c. Old, Bold. Here in many ſuch Words the *Scots* ſpell with *au* in Place of the *Engliſh o*.

VI.

THEN *Steven* came stepand in with Stends,
Nae Rynk micht him arreist:
Plateflute he hobit up with Bends,
For *Mald* he maid Requeist.
He lap till he lay on his Lends;
But rysand was sae preist,
Quhyle that he hoistit at baith Ends,
For honour of the Feist,
And danst, at, *&c.* that Day.

Stepand, *Rysand*, &c. Stepping, Rising; *and* is frequently the Sign of the Participle of the Present Tense; sometimes *an* and *in* instead of the modern *ing*.

Stevin, *Stepand*, *Steads*, as before, *Lasses light of Laits*, and generally through all, our antient Bards endeavour to add a delicate and artful Smoothness to their Verse, by a Flow of Words that begin with the same initial Letters. No Poets of any Language ever pursued that Manner so close, or succeeded so well. *Dryden* and *Waller*, and some others of our best Moderns, in their Versification, seem to admire that Beauty.

When Man on many multiply'd his Kind. Dryd.

And, *Oh! how I long my tender Limbs to lay.* Wal.

One cannot help smiling to hear the Writer of Mr. *Waller's* Life say, *That this Way of throwing off a Verse easily was first introduced by him.*

VII.

SYNE *Robene Roy* begoud to revell,
And *Dawny* to him druggit.
Let be, quoth *Jok*, and cawd him Jevell,
And be the Tail him tuggit.
The Kenſie cleikit to a cavell;
But, Lord, than how they luggit.
Thay partit manly with a Nevell;
I trow that Hair was ruggit
Betwix them, at, *&c.* that Day.

VIII.

ANE bent a Bow, ſiç Sturt coud ſteir him,
Grit Skayth weſd to haif skard him:
He cheiſt a Flane as did affeir him;
The toder ſaid, *Dirdum, dardum*:

Throw

Begoud, Bouk, Clam, Keiſt, &c. Began, or did begin, did bake, did climb, did caſt; our old Authors have a great many of ſuch Preterites of Verbs, moſt of which continue amongſt us ſtill

Toder, Fader, Bruder, Moder, Hider, &c. That other, Father, Brother, Mother, Hither. The *d* is frequently us'd for *th* in ſuch Words.

Throw baith the Cheiks he thocht to cheir him,
Or throw the Erſs haif chard him.
Be ane Akerbraid it came not neir him,
I can not tell quhat mard him
Thair at, *&c.* that Day.

IX.

With that a Freynd of his cry'd fy,
And up an Arrow drew;
He forgit it ſae furiouſly,
The Bow in Flenders flew:
Sae was the Will of God, trow I;
For had the Tree been trew,
Men ſaid that kend his Archery,
He wald haif ſlain enow
At *Chryſt-Kirk* on the Greene that Day.

X.

Ane haſty Henſure callit *Hary*,
Quha was an Archer heynd,
Tytt up a Taikle withouten tary,
That torment ſae him teynd,

I wat not quhidder his Hand coud vary,
Or the Man was his Freynd;
For he eſchapit throw Michts of *Mary*,
As Man that nae Ill meind,
But Gude, at *Chryſt-Kirk* on the Grene that Day.

XI.

THAN *Lowry* lyk a Lyon lap,
And ſone a Flane can fedder;
He hecht to perſe him at the Pap,
Theron to wed a Weddir.
He hit him on the Wame a Wap,
It buſt lyk ony Bledder:
But ſwa his Fortune was and Hap,
His Doublet made of Ledder,
Saiſt him, at, *&c.* that Day.

XII.

A zaip zung Man that ſtudo him neiſt,
Louſd aff a Schot with Yre;
He ettlit the Bern in at the Breiſt,
The Bolt flew owre the Byre,

Anc

Zellow, Zaip, Zung, Zisr, Zan, &c: Yellow, Yap, Young, Year, You.

Ane cryd, Fy, he had ſlain a Prieſt,
A Myle bezond a Myre.
Then Bow and Bag frae him he keiſt,
And fled as ferſs as Fyre
Frae Flint, at, *&c.* that Day.

XIII.

With Forks and Flails, thay lent grit Flaps,
And ſlang togidder lyk Friggs:
With Bowgars of Barns thay beſt blew Kapps,
Quhyle thay of Berns maid Briggs.
The Reird raiſe rudely with the Rapps,
Quhen Rungs war laid on Riggs:
The Wyfis came forth with Crys and Clapps,
Lo, quhair my Lyking liggs,
Quoth thay, at, *&c.* that Day.

XIV.

Thay girnit and lute gird with Grains,
Ilk Goſſip uder greivt:
Sum ſtrak with Stings, ſum gaddert Stains,
Sum fled and ill miſchevt.

The Menſtral wan within twa Wains,
That Day full weil he preivt:
For he came hame with unbirs'd Bains,
Qhair Fechtairs war miſcheivt,
For evir, at, *&c.* that Day.

XV.

Heich *Hutchon* with a Hiſſil Ryſs,
To red can throw them rummill;
He muddillt them down lyk ony Myſs,
He was nae Baity bummill.
Thocht he was wicht, he was nocht wyſs,
With ſic Jangleurs to jummill;
For frae his Thoume they dang a Sklyſs,
Quhyle he cry'd, *Barlafummill*,
I am ſlain, at, *&c.* this Day.

XVI.

Quhen that he ſaw his blude ſae reid,
To fle might nae Man let him,
He weind it had been for auld feid,
He thocht ane cry'd, Haif at him.

He

He gart his Feit defend his Heid,
The far fairer it ſet him;
Quhyl he was paſt out of all pleid,
They ſould bene ſwift that gat him
Throw Speid, at, &c. that Day.

XVII.

The Town-Sqwtar in Grief was bowdin,
His Wyfe hang at his Waiſt;
His Body was in Blude all browdin,
He graint lyk ony Ghaiſt.
Her glitterand Hair that was ſae gowden,
Sae hard in Luſe him laiſt,
That for her Saik he was not zowden,
Seven Myle that he was chaiſt,
And mair, &c. that Day.

XVIII.

The Millar was of manly Mak,
To meit him was nae Mows,
There durſt not Ten cum him to tak,
Sae noytit he thair Pows.

The

The Buſchment hale about him brak,
And bikkert him with Bows,
Syne traytorly behind his Bak,
They hewt him on the Hows,
Behind, at, *&c.* that Day.

XIX.

Twa that war Herdmen of the Hard,
On udder ran lyk Rams,
Then followit Feymen, richt unafeird,
Bet on with Barrow trams;
But quhair thair Gobs thay were ungeird,
They gat upon the Gams;
Quhyl bludy berkit war thair Baird,
As they had worriet Lamms,
Maiſt lyk, at, *&c.* that Day.

XX. The

Hewt him on the Hows, Hew'd or cut him down, by ſtriking him behind on the *Houghs* or Hams.

Cum, Sum, &c. Come, Some. The *u* in Place of *o*.

Lamms, Thomme, Dum, &c. Lambs, Thumb, Dumb. The *b* ſeldom made Uſe of in ſuch Words.

XX.

THE Wyves keiſt up a hideous Zell,
Quhen all thir Zounkers rokkit,
Als ferſs as ony Pyre-ſtaucht fell;
Freiks to the Feilds they flokit.
The Carlis with Clubs did uder quell,
Quhyl Blude at Breiſts out bokit;
Sae rudely rang the common Bell,
That all the Steipill rokkit
For reid, at *Chryſts-Kirk* on the Grene that Day.

XXI.

QUHEN thay had beirt lyk baitit Bulls,
And branewod brynt in Bails,
They wer as meik as ony Mulis,
that mangit ar with Mails.

For

Mulis, Mules. In ſeveral Words like this, where an *l* goes between an *l* and another Conſonant, we are to pronounce ſhort, as *Mules*, not *Mulis*.

Mangit ar with Mails, Maim'd with Burdens.

Flewchtir Falls, Turf that Country People fleá for covering Houſes.

Haild the Dulis, is a Phraſe us'd at Foot-ball, or ſuch Games, where the Party that gains the *Dule* or Goal is ſaid to *hail* it, or win the Game.

For Faintneſs thae forſochtin Fulis,
Fell down lyk flauchtir Fails:
Freſh Men came in and hail'd the Dulis,
And dang them down in Dails,
Bedene, at, &c. that Day.

XXII.

QUHEN all was done, *Dik* with an Aix,
Came furth to fell a Fudder,
Quod he, quhair are zon hangit Smaiks,
Richt now wald ſlain my Brudder.
His Wyfe bad him gae hame, *Gib Glaiks*,
And ſae did *Meg* his Mudder.
He turn'd and gaif them baith their Paiks;
For he durſt ding nane udder,
For Feir, at *Chryſt-Kirk* of the Grene that Day.

Finis quod King JAMES I.

The

Fudder, properly a Load, relating to Lead. It is 1600 Pound Weight: In our old Authors it often metaphorically means a *great many*.

The THISTLE *and the* ROSE,
O'er Flowers and Herbage green,
By Lady Nature choſe,
Brave King and lovely Queen.

A POEM in Honour of MARGARET, Daughter to *HENRY* the VII. of *England*, Queen to JAMES the IV. King of *SCOTS*.

I.

QUHEN *March* with variand Winds was overpaſt,
And ſweit *Apryle* had with his Silver Showers
Tane Leif of Nature, with an orient Blaſt,
And luſty *May*, that Mudder is of Flowrs,
Had maid the Birds begin be tymous Hours;
Amang the tendir Odours reid and quhyt,
Quhois Harmony to heir was grit Delyt.

In

Luſty May, Deſireable *May*. Luſty through theſe Poems is an Epithet frequently us'd in this Senſe; alſo in our Language it expreſſes, Youthful, Blooming, Large, Jolly.

II.

In Bed at Morrow, sleiping as I lay,
Methocht *Aurora* with her Rubie Ene,
In at my Window lukit by the Day,
And halsit me, with Visage pale and grene,
Upon her Hand a Lark sang frae the Splene,
Luvers, awake out of your Slumbering,
Se how the lusty Morning dois upspring.

III.

Methocht fresh *May* before my Bed upstood,
In Weid depainted of ilk diverse Hew,
Sober, benyng, and full of Mensuetude,
In Bright Atyre of Flours, all forget new,
Of heavenly Colour quhyt, reid, brown and blew,
Balmit in Dew, and gilt with Phebus Beims,
Quhyle all the House illumynt with her Leims.

IV.

Slugart, scho said, awake annon, for Schame,
And in my Honour sumthing thou gae wryte;
The Lark has done, the merry Day proclaim,
Luvers to rais with Comfort and delyte,
Will nocht increase thy Courage to indyt;
Quhase

Lukit in at the Day, Looked in at my Window by Day or the Dawning. *Halsit*, Hail'd or Saluted.
Mensuetude, Mildness, or good Humour.

Quhase Heart somtyme has glad and blisfull bene,
Sangs oft to mak under the Brenches grene.

V.

QUHERTO, quoth I, fall I upryse at Morrow,
For in thy Month few Birds half I hard sing,
Thay haif mair Cause to weip and plein their Sorrow:
Thy Air it is not holsum nor benyng,
Lord *Eolus* dois in thy Season ring,
Sae bousteous ar the blasts of his shill horn,
Amang thy Bews to walk I haif forborn.

VI.

WITH that the Lady soberly did smyle,
And said, Upryse and do thy Observance:
Thou did promist in *Mayis* lusty quhyle,
Then to discryve the *ROSE* of most Plesance.
Go see the Birdis how thay sing and dance,
And how the Skyes illuminat ar bricht,
Enamylt richly with new azure Licht.

Do thy Observance, Perform thy Duty or Respects. Here 'tis proper we take notice of the Cadency of such Words; many in that Age being pronounced long that now are expressed short: But our Union with *France*, and *French* Auxiliaries so often in *Scotland* at that Time, can easily account for that Manner of Pronunciation.

VII.

QUHEN this was ſaid, away then went the Quene,
And entert in a luſty Garden gent;
And then methocht, full haſtylie beſene,
In Sark and Mantle after her I went
Into this Garth moſt dulce and redolent,
Of Herb and Flowir, and tender Plants moſt ſweit,
And grene Leivs doing of Dew doun fleit.

VIII.

THE pourpour Sun, with tender Rayis reid,
In orient bricht as Angel did appeir,
Throu golden Skys advancing up his Heid,
Whoſe gildet Treſſes ſchone ſae wonder cleir,
That all the Warld tuke Comfort far and neir,
To luke upon his freſh and bliſsful Face,
Doing all ſable frae the Heavenis chace.

IX.

AND as the bliſsful Sun drave up the Sky,
All Nature ſang throu Comfort of the Licht;
The Minſtrells wingd with open Voyces cry,
O Luvers now is fled the dully Nicht,
Come welcome Day that comforts every Wicht.

Hail

Hail *May*, hail *Flora*, hail *Aurora* ſhene,
Hail Princeſs Nature, hail Luves hartſome Quene.

X.

Dame Nature gave an Inhibition ther
To *Neptune* ferſs and *Eolus* the bauld,
Not to perturb the Water nor the Air,
That nowther blaſhy Shower, nor Blaſts mair cauld
Suld Flowirs effray nor Fowles upon the Fauld.
Scho bad eik *Juno* Goddes of the Sky,
That ſcho the Heaven ſuld keep amene and dry.

XI.

Als ſcho ordaind that every Bird and Beiſt
Before her Hienels ſuld annone compeir,
And every Flowir of Virtue maiſt and leiſt,
And every Herb in fair Feild far and neir,
As they had wont in *May* frae Yeir to Yeir:
To hir thair Quene to mak Obediens,
Full law inclynand with dew Reverens.

Obediens and *Reverens*, as obſerved before in the Words *Obſervance* and *Pleſance*, muſt be accented long.

XII.

WITH that annone ſchio ſent the ſwift ſute *Roe*.
To bring in alkind Beiſt frae Dale and Doun,
The reſtleſs *Swallow* ordert ſchō to go,
And fetch all Fowl of ſmall and grit Renown,
And to gar Flowirs appeir of all Faſſiount:
Fully craftely conjurit ſhe the *Tarrow*.
Quhilk did forth ſwirk as ſwift as ony Arrow.

XIII.

ALL brocht in were, in twynkling of an Ee,
Baith *Beiſt* and *Bird* and *Flowir* before the *Queue*,
And firſt the *Lyon* greateſt of Degre
Was ſummond ther, and he, fair to be ſene,
With a full hardy Countenance and kene,
Before *Dam Nature* came, and did inclyne,
With Viſage bauld, and Courage Leonyne.

XIV. THIS

Courage Leonyne. This perhaps may be ſmil'd at, but there's as much Reaſon to laugh at the modern Phraſe of one's looking like himſelf.

XIV.

THIS awful Beiſt was terrible of Cheir,
Perſing of Luke, and ſtout of Countenance,
Right ſtrong of Corps, of Faſſon fair, bot feir,
Luſty of Shape, licht of Delivrance,
Reid of his Colour, as the Ruby Glance:
In Feild of Gold he ſtude full rampantly,
With Flowr-de-Lyces circlet plesantly.

XV.

THIS *Lady* liftit up his Cluves ſae cleir,
And lute him liſtlie lein upon hir Knee,
And crownit him with Diadem full deir,
Of radyous Stanes maiſt ryall there to ſee,
Saying, The King of all Beiſts mak I thee,
And the Protector cheif in Wodes and Schaws,
Go furth, and to thy Leiges keip the Laws.

If one were to comment and illuſtrate every poetical Beauty that ſtrikes our Imaginations ſo agreeably, and come ſo frequent, he would ſwell the Notes too much, and rob the Reader of a Pleaſure which is his own Property; wherefore ſuch Annotations ſhall be declined. When Folks are raviſhed with any Pleaſure, tho' it be obvious to every By-ſtander, yet they cannot help expreſſing what delights them many Times over, when there is not the leaſt Occaſion for Information. This was juſt my Caſe, on reading this excellent Deſcription of the Lyon and the *Scots* Arms, never ſo happily blaſoned.

XVI.

JUSTICE exerce, with Mercy and Conſciens,
And let nae ſmall Beiſt ſuffir Skaith nor Skorns,
Of greiter Beiſts that bein of more Puſiance.
Do Law alyke to Apes and Unicorns,
And lat na Bowgle with his bouſteous Horns
Oppreſs the meik Pluch-Ox, for all his Pryd,
But in the Yok go quietly him beſyd.

XVII.

WHEN this was ſaid, with Noyſe and Sound of Joy,
All Kynd of Quadrupeds in thair Degree,
Attains cryd, *Laud*, and then, *Vive le Roy*;
Syne at his Feit fell with Humility;
To him they all made Homage and Feiltie;
And he did them reſaif with princely Lairs,
Whoſe noble Yre his Greitneſs mitigates.

XVIII.

SYNE crownit ſcho the *Eagle* King of Fowls;
And ſharp as Darts of Steil ſcho made his Penns,
And bad him be as juſt to *Whawps* and *Owls*,
As unto *Peakoks*, *Papingos*, or *Crans*,
And mak ane Law for *wicht Fowls* and for *Wrens*,

And

And let nae Fowl of Rapine do affray,
Nor Birds devore but his own proper Prey.

XIX.

THEN callt scho all the Flowirs grew in the Feild,
Discryving all thair Fassons and Effeirs,
Upon the awfull THISTLE she beheld,
And saw him guarded with a Bush of Speirs,
Consiidering him sae able for the Weirs,
A radiant Crown of Rubies scho him gaif,
And said, In Feild go forth, and fend the laif.

XX.

AND sen thou art a King, be thou descreit,
Herb without Value hald not of sic Pryce,
As Herb of Vertew and of Odour sweet,
And let no Nettle vyle and full of Vyce
Hir fallow with the gudly *Flowr-delyce*,
Nor let no wyld Weid, full of Churlishness,
Compare hir to the Lillys Nobilness.

XXI.

NOR hald nane other Flowir in sic denty
As the fresh ROSE, of Colour reid and quhyt;
For if thou dois, hurt is thyne Honesty,

Considdering that no Flowr is sae perfyte,
Sae full of Plesans, Vertue and Delyte,
Sae full of blisfull Angellyke Bewtie,
Imperial Birth, Honour and Dignitie.

XXII.

THEN to the ROSE scho did her Visage turn,
And said, O lusty Dochter most benyng,
Abose the Lilly thou art illusterous born,
Frae Ryal Linage rysing fresh and yung,
But ony Spot or Maoull doing sprung:
Cum Blume of Joy with richest Jems be crownd,
For owre the laif thy Bewtie is renound.

XXIII.

A costly Crowa with Stanes clarified bricht,
This comely Quene did on hir Heid inclose,
Quhyle all the Land illumynat of Licht;
Quhairfor methocht, the Flowirs did all rejose,
Crying attanes, Haill to the fragrant ROSE,
Hail Empress of the Herbs, fresch Quene of Flowirs,
To the be Glore and Honour at all Hours.

XXIV. THEN

Quhois, Quis, Hir, &c. Whose, Does, Her. The *e* in many such Words is supplied with *i*.
But ony Spot, Without Spot.

XXIV.

THEN all the Birds thay ſang with Voice on hicht,
Whoſe mirthfull Sound was marvellous to heir;
The Mavys ſang, Hail ROSE moſt rich and richt,
That does upſturiſs under *Phebus* Sphere,
Hail Plant of Youth, Hail Princes Dochter deir,
Hail Bloſome breking out of Blude Ryal,
Quhois precious Vertew is Imperial.

XXV.

THE Merle ſcho ſang, Hail ROSE of moſt Delyt,
Hail of all Flowres the ſweit and ſoverain Quene:
The Lark ſcho ſang, Hail ROSE baith reid and quhyt,
Moſt pleſand Flowir of michty Colours twain;
Nichtingails ſang, Hail Natures Suffragane,
In Bewty, Nurture, and each Nobilneſs,
In rich Array, Renown and Gentilneſs.

XXVI.

THE common Voice upraiſe of Birdis ſmall,
Upon this Ways, O bliſſit be the Hour
That thou was choſe to be our Principal,
Welcome

That the Houſe of *York* and *Lancaſter* (the *White* and *Red Roſe*) were united in the Perſon of our Queen, is well known.

Welcome to be our Princes crownd with Powir,
Our Perle, our Pleſance, and our Paramour,
Our Peace, our Play, our plain Felicity:
CHRYST the conſerve from all Adverſity.

XXVII.

THEN all the Conſort ſang with ſic a Shout,
That I anone awakent quhair I lay,
And with a Braid I turnit me about
To ſe this Court, but all wer gone away;
Then up I leint me, halflings in affray,
Callt to my Muſe, and for my Subjeck choſe
To ſing the Ryal THISTLE and the ROSE.

Quod Mr. Wm. DUNBAR.

A PANYGYRICK ON *Sr* PENNY.

I.

RICHT fain wald I my Qwaintance mak
Sr. *Penny* with, and wate ye quhy?
He is a Man will undertak
A Lairdſhip of braid Lands to buy;
Thairfoir methink richt fain wald I
With him in Fellowſhip repair,
Becauſe he is in Company
A noble Gyde baith late and air.

II.

Sr *Penny* for till hald in Hand,
His Company they think ſae ſweit;
Sum does not care to ſell thair Land,
With gude Sr *Penny* for to meit,
Becauſe he is of a noble Spreit,
A furthy Man and a forſeand;
There is no Mater ends compleit,
Till he ſet to his Seil and Hand.

III.

Sr *Penny* is a valiant Man,
Of mekle Strenth and Dignitie,
And evir ſen this Warld began,
In this Land autoreiſt is he:
The King or Quene ze may not ſee,
They ſtill ſo tenderlie him kreté,
That ther can nathing endit be,
Without his Company ze get.

IV.

Sr *Penny* is a Man of Law,
And (witt ye weil) baith wyſe and war;
He mony Reaſons can furth ſchaw,
Quhen he is ſtanding at the Bar,

Is

Is nane ſae ſharp that can him ſcar,
Quhen he propons furth ony Pley;
Nor zit ſae hardy Man as dar
Sr *Penny* tyne or diſobey.

V.

Sr *Penny* is baith leird and wyſe,
The Kirk to ſteir he taks in Hand,
Diſponer of ilk Benefice
In this Realm, throu all the Land;
Is nane ſae wicht dar him gainſtand,
Sae wyſely can Sr *Penny* wirk;
And als Sr *Symonie* his Servand,
That now is Gydar of the Kirk.

VI.

Gif to the Court thou mak repair,
And ther haif Matters to proclame,
Thou art unable weil to fair,
Sr *Penny* gif thou leif at hame,
To bring him furth think thou nae Schame;
I do thee weil to underſtand,
Into thy Bag beir thou his Name,
Thy Matter cums better to hand.

VII.

Sr *Penny* now is máid an Owll,
They wirk him mekle Tray and Tene,
They hald him in till he hair-moull,
And maks him blind of baith his Ene;
Thirout he is but findle ſene,
Sae faſt tharin they can him ſteik,
That Commons pure cannot obtain
Ane Day to byd with him and ſpeik.

Tray and *Tene*, Anger.
Hair-moull, Grown hoary with Mouldineſs.

Vertue

Vertue *and* Vyce.

A

POEM,

Addreſt to

JAMES V. *King of* SCOTS,

By the famous and renown'd Clerk,

Mr. JOHN BELLENTYNE,

Arch-Dean of Murray.

I.

QUHEN Silver *Diane* full of Beims bricht,
Frae dark Eclips was paſt this uther Nicht,
And to the Crab hir proper Manſion gane;
Artophilax contending with his Micht
In the grit Eiſt to ſet his Viſage richt;
I mene the Leider of the *Charle-wane*:
Aboif our Heid then was the *Urſis* twain,
Quhen Starris ſmall obſcure grew to our Sicht,
And *Lucifer* left twinkling him alane.

II. THE

II.

THE frosty Nicht with her prolixit Hours,
Her Mantle quhyt spred on the tender Flours;
When ardent Labour has addressit me,
Translate the Tale of our Progenitours,
Thair greit Manheid, Wisdom and hie Honours,
Quhair we may cleir, as in a Mirrour, see.
The furious End somtymes of Tyranie;
Somtymes the Gloir of prudent Governours,
Ilk State appryst in thair Facultie.

III.

MY weary Spreit desiring to repress
My emptive Pen of fruteless Bissiness,
Awalkit forth to tak the recent Air,
When *Priapus* with stormy Weid oppress,
Requeistit me, in his maist Tenderness,
To rest a while amids his Gardens bare.
But I no maner coud my Mynd prepare
To set asyde unpleasant Havyness
On this and that contempling Solitare.

IV. AND

Priapus, who presides over Gardens.

IV.

And firſt occurrt to my remembering,
How that I was in Service with the King,
Put to his Grace in Zeirs tendereſt,
Clerk of his Compts, althocht I was inding,
With Heart and Hand, and evry uther thing,
That micht him pleiſe in ony manner beſt,
While Envy grit me from his Service keſt,
By them that had the Court in governing,
As Bird bot Plumes is herryt of her Neſt.

VI.

Our Lyfe, our Gyding, and our Aventuris,
Dependance have ort thir celeſt Creaturis,
Apperandly by ſome Neceſſitie;
For thocht a Man wald ſet his biſſy curis,
Sae far as Labour and his Wiſdom furis,
To flie hard Chance of Infortunitie,
Tho he eſchew it with Difficultie,
The curſid Weird yet ithandly enduris,
Giен to him firſt in his Nativitie.

VI.

Or eirdlie Scate bewailing thus the Chance
Of Fortune gude I had nae Esperance,
Sae lang I had swomt in hir Seis sae deip,
That sad Avysing with her thochtfull Lance
Coud find nae Port to anker her Firmance,
Till *Morpheus* the dreiry God of Sleip,
For very Rewth did on my Cures weip,
And set his Slewth and deidly Countenance,
With snorand Vains to throw my Body creip.

VII.

Methocht I was into a plesantd Meid,
Quhair *Flora* made the tender Bluims to spreid
Throw kindly Dew, and Humours nutrative,
Quhen golden *Titan* with his Flamis sae reid,
Aboif the Seis upraist his glorious Heid,
Defounding down his Heit restorative
To evry Fruit that Nature maid to live,
Whilk was afore into the Winter deid,
With Stormis eauld, and Har-frost penetrive.

VIII. A

VIII.

A Silver Fountain ſpring with Watir cleir
Into that Place, quhair I approchit neir;
Quhair I did ſone eſpy a fellon Reird
Of courtly Gallants in thair gayeſt Weir,
Rejoyting them in Seaſon of the Zeir,
As it had bene of *Mayis* ſweit Day the Feird,
Their gudelie Havings made me nocht afleird;
With them I ſaw a crownit King appeir,
With tender Downis ariſing on his Beird.

IX.

Their courtly Gallants ſettand thair Intents
To ſing and play on divers Inſtruments;
According to this Princis Appetyte,
Twa Ladyis fair came pranſſand owre the Bents,
Thair coſtly Cleathing ſhawd their mighty Rents;
Quhat Heart micht wiſh, they wanted not a Myte,
The Rubies ſhone upon thair Fingers quhyt:
And finaly I knew by thair Conſentes
This Vertua was, that uther hecht *Delyte*.

X.

THIR Goddeſſes arrayt in this fine Ways,
As Reverence and Honour liſt devyſe,
Afore this PRINCE fell down upon thair Kneis;
Syne dreſt themſells into thair beſt Avyſe,
Sae far as Wiſdom in thair Powir lyes,
To do the Thing that micht him beſt appleiſe,
Quhair he rejoyced in his heavenly Gleis,
And him deſyret that for his Emperyſs,
Ane of them twa unto his Lady cheis.

XI.

AND firſt *Delyte* unto the PRINCE ſaid thus,
Maiſt valiant Knycht, in Actions amorous,
And luſtyeſt that evir Nature wrocht,
Quha in the Flour of Zouth mellyfluous,
With Notes ſweit, and ſang mellodious,
Awalketh heir amang the Flowirs ſoft,
Thou has nae Game, but in thy mirry Thocht,
My heavenly Bliſs is ſo delicious,
All Wealth in Eard bot it availeth nocht.

XII. THO

XII.

THO thou had *France*, and all beyont the *Po*,
Spain, *Ingland*, *Pole*, with uther Kingdoms moe,
And reign oure them in State moſt glorious,
Thy puſſiant Empyre is not worth a Stro,
Gif it unto thy Pleiſurs is a Foe,
Or pains thy Mind with Cares are dolourus;
Ther is nathing may be ſae odious
To Man, as leif in Miſery and Woe,
Defrauding God of Nature *Genius*.

XIII.

DRESS thee thairfor with all thy biſſy Cure,
That thou in Joy and Pleiſure may endure;
Be Sicht of thir four Bodyis elementar,
Twa groſs and heavy, twa are licht and pure,
Thir Elements be working of Nature,
In uther change; and tho they be richt far
Frae uther twind, with Qualitys contrair,
Of them are made all Creatures Eard eir bure,
And finaly in them reſolvit ar.

XIV.

THE Fyre in Air, the Air in Watter cleir,
In Eard the Watter turns withouten Weir,
The Eard in Watter it turns ower again;
Sae furth in Order nochts conſumed heir,
And Man new born begins ſone to appeir
Ane uther Figure than afore was tane,
Quhen he is deid, the Matter does remain,
Tho it reſolve into ſum new Manner,
Naething is new, nocht but the Form is gane.

XV.

THUS naething is in Eard but fugitive,
Paſſand and command ſpreiding ſucceſſive;
And as a Beiſt, ſo is a Man conſave
Of Seid infuſd in Members genitive,
And furth his Tyme in Pleſoure does out dryve
As Chance him leids, till he be laid in Grave:
Thairfor thy Hevin and Pleſour now reſave,
Quhile thou art heir into this preſent Lyve,
For after Death thou ſall no Pleſour haif.

XVI. THE

XVI.

THE Roſe, the Lilly, and the Violes,
Unpulit, ſone wither, and with Winds owrefet,
Wallout falls down bot ony Fruit, I wiſt,
Thairfore I ſay, Sen that naething may let,
But thy bricht Hew maun be with Zeirs all fret,
(For every Thing but for a Seaſon is)
Thou may not haif a mair excellent Bliſs
Than ly all Nicht into my Arms plet,
To hals and brais with mony a luſty Kiſs.

XVII.

AND haif my tender Body by thy Syde,
So proper ſet, quhilk Nature has provyde
With every Pleſour, that thou mayſt divyne,
Ay quhile my tender Zeirs be overſlyde;
Then gif thou pleis that I thy Brydel gyde,
Thou maun allways from agit Men declyne,
Syne dreſs thy Hairt, thy Courage and Ingyne,
To ſuffer nane fall in thy Houſe abyde,
But gif thay will unto thy Luſt inclyne.

XVIII.

Gif thou desyres into the Seis to fleit
Of hevinly Blis, than me thy Lady treit;
For it is said by Clerks of fair Renown,
Thair is nae Pleasour in this Eard so grit,
As quhen a Luver dois his Lady meit,
To raise his Lyf frae mony a deidlie Soun,
As hiest Plesour but Comparisoun.
I sall the geif in thy Zeirs zoung and sweit,
A lusty Halk with mony Plumes full broun.

XIX.

Quhilk sall be found sae joyous and Plesant,
Gif thou into her mirry Flichts sall hant,
Of evry Blis that may in Eard appeir,
As Hairt will think thou sall nae Plenty want,
Quhile Zeirs swift with Quheils properant,
Consume thy Strenth, and all thy Bewtie cleir,
And quhen *Delyt* had said on this Maner,
As Rage of Zowtheid thocht maist relivant;
Then *Vertew* spake, as after ye sall heir.

XX.

My Lands full braid with mony a plenteous Shyre,
Sall gif thy Hieneſs, (gif thou lift diſyre)
Triumphant Glore, hie Honour, Fame divyne,
With ſic Puiſſance, that them nae furious Yre,
Nor weirand Age, nor Flames of birnand Fyre,
Nor bitter Death may bring unto Rewyne,
But thou maun firſt enſuffer meikle Pyne,
Abune thy ſelf, that thou may haif Empyre,
Then ſall thy Fame and Honour haif no Fyne.

XXI.

Among my Faes my Realms ſet ar all,
Quhilk haif with me a Weir continual,
And ever ſtill dois on my Border ly:
And tho' thay may nae Ways me overthrawl,
Thay ly in wait, gif ony Chance may fall,
Of me ſumtyme to get the Victory.
Thus is my Lyfe an ithand Chevalry,
And Labour halds me ſtrong as ony Wall,
And nathing breks me but vyl Slugardy.

XXII.

NAE Fortune may againſt me ocht avail,
Tho ſcho with cloudy Storms me aft aſſail,
I brek the Streim of ſharp Adverſity,
In Wedder lown, and maiſt tempeſtous Hail,
Bot any Dreid I beir an equal Sail:
My Ship ſae ſtrong, that I may never die,
Wit, Reaſon, Manheid governs me ſae hie,
Nae Influence of Starns can eir prevail
To rigne owre me with Infortunitie.

XXIII.

THE Rage of Zouth can never dantit be,
Bot grit Diſtreſs and ſharp Adverſity,
As be this Reaſon is experience;
The fyneſt Gold or Silver that we ſe,
May not be wrocht to our Utility,
Without kein Flames and bitter Violence;
The mair Diſtreſs, the mair Intelligence.
Quha eir fails lang in hie Proſperity,
Ar ſune owreſet, gainſt Storms have nae Defence.

XXIV. THIS

XXIV.

THIS fragill Lyfe, as Moment induring,
Bot dout ſall thee and all the Warld bring
To ſicker Bliſs, or then eternal Wae.
Gif thou by honeſt Labour dois a Thing,
Thy Labour vaniesis but tarrying;
Howbeit thy honeſt Warks they do not ſae.
Gif thou does ocht of Luſt be Nicht or Day,
The ſhamefull Deid, without diſſevering,
Continues ſtill when Pleſour is away,

XXV.

As Carvell dicht, faſt tending throw the Se,
Leives nae imprent amang the Wallis hie.
As ſwifteſt Birds with mony a biſſy Plume
Perſis the Air, and wates not quhair thay flie,
Sicklyks our Lyfe without Activitie;
It giffes na Fruit, howbeit a Shadow blume.
Quha dois thair Lyfe in Ydleneſs conſume,
Bot Vertews Deids, thair Fame and Memorie
Sall vaniſe ſoner than the reiky Fume.

XXVI. As

XXVI.

As Watter purges and maks Bodys fair,
As Fyre aſcends be Nature in the Air,
And pureſies with Heit thats vehement:
As Flowir does ſmell, as Fruit is nuriſare:
As precious Balmes reverts the Things ar fair,
And maks them of the Rot impatient.
As Spyce maiſt ſweit, and Roſe maiſt redolent;
As ſtern of Day by Motion circulair,
Chaiſes the Nicht with Beims reſplendent.

XXVII.

SICKLYKE my Warks they perfyt every Wicht,
In fervent Luve of maiſt excellent Licht,
And maks a Man into this Eard bot Peir,
And does the Saul frae all Diſorder dicht,
With Odour dulce, and maks it ſtill mair bricht
Than *Diane* full, or zet *Apollo* cleir,
Syn raiſes it into the hieſt Sphere,
Immortally to ſhine in GODS awin Sicht,
His choſen Creature, and as Spous maiſt deir.

XXVIII. THIS

XXVIII.

THIS uther Wretch that clipit is *Delyte*,
Involves Mankynd be ſenſual Appityte,
In every Kind of Vyce and Miſerie,
Becauſe nae Wit nor Reaſon is perfyte
Quhair ſhe is Gyde, but Skaith thats infinyt;
With Dolour, Shame, and urgent Povertie;
For ſcho ſprang frae the licht Froth of the Se.
Quhilk ſignifies hir Pleſour venomit,
Is minglit ay with ſhairp Adverſitie.

XXIX.

DUKE *Hannibal*, as mony Authors wrait,
Throw *Spenzie* came be mony a Paſſage ſtrait;
To *Italy* in Furor bellical,
Brak down hie Walls, and hieſt Mountains ſlait,
And to his Army made an open Gait,
And Victories had on the *Romans* all.
At *Capua* by Pleſour ſenſual,
The Duke was made ſae ſaft and delicate,
That by his Faes he was ſone overthrawll.

XXX. Or

XXX.

OF ferſs *Achill* the weirly Deids ſprang,
In *Troy* and *Greice*, quhyle he in VERTUE rang;
Hou Luſt him flew it is but Rewth to heir:
Siclyk the *Trojans* with thair Knichts ſtrang,
The valiant *Greiks* furth frae thair Ruins dang,
Victoriouſly exercit mony a Zeir;
That Nicht they went to thair Luſt and Plefour,
The fatal Horſs did throw thair Walls ſang,
Quhais pregnant Sydes wer full of Men of Weir.

XXXI.

SARDANAPALL, that Prince efeminat,
Frae Deids of Knichts baſely degenerat,
Twynand the Threid of whyt or purpour Lint,
With Fingers ſaft amang the Ladyis ſat,
And with his Luſt couth not be ſatiate,
Till frae his Faes came laſt the bitter Dint:
Quhat nobil Men and Ladyis haif bene tint,
Quhen they with Luſt have bene intoxicat,
To ſchaw at lenth my Tung wald nevir ſtint.

XXXII. BUT

XXXII.

But brave *Camil* the valiant Chevalier,
(When he the *Gauls* had dantint be his Weir)
Of Heritage wald haif nae Recompence;
For gif his Bairns, his Kin and Freinds maist deir
Were vertuous, they could not fail ilk Zeir
To haif enough, be *Romes* Providence.
Gif they wer given to Vyce and Insolence,
It was not neidfull he sould conqueiss Geir,
To be the Cause of thair Incontinence.

XXXIII.

Sum nobil Men, as Poets list declair,
Wer Deifeit, sum made Gods of the Air,
Sum of the Heaven, as *Eolus*, *Vulcan*,
Apollo, *Saturn*, *Hermes*, *Jupiter*,
Mars, *Hercules*, and uther Men preclair,
That Fame immortall in this Warld wan:
Quhy wer thir People called Gods than?
Becauſe they had a VERTUE singulair,
Excellent hie abune the Ingyne of Man.

XXXIV. AND

XXXIV.

AND uthers are in Reik ſulphurious,
As *Ixion*, and weiry *Syſyphus*,
Eumenides, the Furys odibil;
The proud Gyants, and thriſty *Tantalus*,
With ugly Drink, and Fude maiſt vennomus,
Quhair Flames bauld, and Mirkneſs ar ſenſibil:
Quhy ar thir Folk in Pains ſae terribil?
Becauſe they were but Shrews maiſt vicious
Into thair Lyfe, with Deids maiſt horribil.

XXXV.

AND tho nae Fruit wer after conſequent
Of mortall Lyfe, but for this Warld preſent
Ilk Man to haif allenerlie Reſpect;
Zet VERTUE ſould frae Vice be different,
As quick frae deid, as rich frae indigent;
That ane to hieſt Honour does direct,
This uther Saul and Body does neglect:
That ane of Reaſon maiſt intelligent,
This uther of Beiſts following the Effect.

XXXVI. FOR

XXXVI.

For he that nold againſt his vyl Luſts ſtryve,
But lives as Beiſts of Knawlege ſenſityve,
Grows faſt to Eild, and Death him ſone owrehails:
Thairfor the Mule is of a langer Lyfe
Than the ſtaind Horſe; alſo the barrand Wyfe
Zouthfull appeirs, when that the Brudie fails:
We alſo ſe when Nature nocht prevails,
The Pain and Dolour ar ſae pungityve,
Nae Medycyne the Patient then avails.

XXXVII.

Sen our Intents baith we haif ſhawn thee thus,
Chois of us twae the maiſt delicious,
Or to ſuſtene a ſharp Adverſitie,
Danting the Rage of Zouth-heid furious,
And ſyn poſſes Triumphs innumerous,
With hie Empyre, and lang Felicitie;
Or haif ane Moment Senſualitie
Of fuliſh Zouth, in Lyf voluptous,
And all thy Days full of ſad Miſerie.

XXXVIII.

PHEBUS be this his fyrie Cart did wry,
Frae South to West declynand bissyly
To dip his Steids into the Westlin Main;
When rysing Damps owresaild his Visage dry
With Vapours thick, and cluddes all the Sky,
And *Notus* brym, the Wind meridian,
With Wings donk, and Fedders full of Rain,
Awakent me, that I coud not espy
Quhilk of the twa was for his Lady tane.

XXXIX.

BUT sone I knew they were the Goddesses
That came in Sleip to valiant *Herculet*,
When he was zung, and free of every Lore;
To Lust or Honour, Purtith or Riches,
Quhair he contempnit Lust and Idleness,
That he in VERTUE micht his Lyfe decore;
Then Warks he did of maist excellent Glore;
The mair increst his painfull Bissiness,
His hie Triumphs and Loving was the more.

A Bytand BALLAT on warld Wives, That gar thair Men live pinging Lives.

I:

BE merry, Brethrene, anc and all;
And ſet all Sturt aſide;
And every ane togither call
To GOD to be our Gyd;
For as lang lives the mirry Man,
As dois the Wretch for ocht he can,
When Deid him ſtrakes, he wats na whan,
And charges him to byde.

II.

THE Rich then ſall not ſpared be,
Thocht they haif Gold and Land,
Nor zit the Fair, for their Bewty,
Cannot that Charge gainſtand.

The Wichs or Weak wald flee away,
Nae Doubt but all maun Ranſom pay,
Quhat Place or quhare can nae Man ſay,
Be Se or zit be Land.

III.

THE mirryeſt Man that leives on Lyfe,
He ſails upon the Se;
For he knaws neither Sturt nor Stryfe,
But blyth and glad is he:
But he that has an evil Wyfe,
Has Sour and Sorrow all his Lyfe,
And that Man quilk leives ay in Stryf,
How can he mirry be?

IV.

ANE evil Wyfe is the warſt aught
That ony Man can haif;
For he may nevir ſit in Saught,
Unleſs he be her Slaif:

But

But of that Sort I knaw nane uther,
Except a Cuckald or his Bruther;
Sunt Lairds and Cuckalds altogither,
May wiſs their Wyves in Graif.

V.

Because thair Wyves haif Maiſtery,
That they dar naeways cheip,
But gif it be in Privity,
Quhen they are faſt aſleip;
Ane mirry in thair Company,
To them is worth baith Gold and Fie:
A Menſtrell neir coud dairthful be,
Thair Mirth if he coud beit.

VI.

But of that Sort whilk I report,
I knaw nane in this Ring:
But we may all baith grit and ſmall,
Glaidly baith dance and ſing,

Sunt Lairds. Here is ſpelled with an *S*, as it ought, and not with a *C*, as many of the *Engliſh* do.

Quha liſts not here to make gude Cheir,
Perchance his Guids an uthir Yeir
Be ſpent, quhen he is brought to Beir,
Quhen his Wyfe taks the Fling.

VII.

It has bene ſene, that wyſe Women,
After their Husband's Deid,
Has gotten Men has gart them ken,
If they could bear a Laid.
With a grene Sting, hes gart them baing
The Geir that won was by a Duing;
And ſyne gart all the Bairnies ſing,
Ramukloch in their Bed.

VIII.

Then wad ſcho ſay, Alake this Day,
For him that wan this Geir,
Quhen I him had, I skairſly ſaid,
My Heart anes mak gude Cheir.
Or I had letten him ſpend a Plak,
I lure haif witten him brake his Bak,
Or els his Craig had gotten a Crak,
Ower the Hicht of the Stair.

IX.

Ye Niggarts tham Example tak,
And leir to ſpend your awn,
And with gude Freynds ay mirry mak,
That it may well be knawn,
That thou art he quha wan this Geir;
And for thy Wyfe ſe thou nocht ſpair,
With blyth Freynds ay to make Repair,
Sae ſall thy Worth be ſhawn.

X.

FINIS quod I, quha ſets not by
The ill Wyves of this Toun,
Tho for Diſpyte with me wald flyte,
Gif thay micht put me doun.
Gif they wald ken quha maid this Sang,
Quhidder they will him heid or hang,
Flemyings his Name quhair eir he gang,
In Country and in Toun.

Quod FLEMYNG.

Sets not by, Does not Value. *Put doun*, Murder.

ROBIN *and* MAKYNE,

A PASTORAL.

I.

ROBIN ſat on the gude grene Hill,
Keipand a Flock of Fie,
Quhen mirry *Makyne* ſaid him till,
O *Robin* rew on me.
I haif thee luivt baith loud and ſtill,
Thir Towmonds twa or thre;
My Dule in dern but gif thou dill,
Doubtleſs bot Dreid I die.

II.

ROBIN replied, Now by the Rude,
Naithing of Luve I knaw,
But keip my Sheip undir yon Wod,
Lo quhair they raik on Raw.

Quhat

Dule in dern, Sorrow in ſecret. *Dill*, ſtill, calm, or mitigate. *Raik on Raw*, go apace in a Row.

Quhat can have mart thee in thy Mude,
Thou *Makyne* to me ſchaw?
Or quhat is Luve, or to be lude?
Fain wald I leir that Law.

III.

The Law of Luve gin thou wald leir,
Tak thair an A, B, C;
Be keynd, courtas, and fair of Feir,
Wyſe, hardy, kind and frie,
Sae that nae Danger do the deir,
What Dule in dern thou drie;
Preſs ay to pleis, and blyth appeir,
Be patient, and privie.

IV.

ROBIN he anſwert her again,
I wat not quhat is Luve,
But I haif Marvell uncertain
Quhat maks thee thus wanrufe.

The

Fair of Feir, of a fair and healthful Look.

The Wedderis fair, and I am fain;
My Sheip gaes hail abute,
Gif we ſould play us on the Plain,
They wald us baith reprave.

V.

ROBIN tak tent unto my Tale,
And do all as I reid;
And thou ſall haif my Heart all hale,
Eik and my Maidenheid:
Sen GOD he ſends Bute for Bale,
And for Murning Remeid.
I dern with thee, but give I dale,
Doubtleſs I am but deid.

VI.

MAKYNE the Morn be this ilk Tyde,
Gif ye will meit me heir,
May be my Sheip may gang beſyde,
Quhyle we have liggd full neir;

But

Wedderis, Weather's. It is to be noticed, that our Elders never apoſtrophiſed, yet by this one may judge that in every like Caſe they pronounced, as if ſuch Vowels were cut off with an Apoſtrophe: Without allowing this, many of their Lines will not be Numbers.

But maugre haif I, gif I byde,
Frae thay begin to ſtrir,
Quhat lyes on Heart I will nocht hyd,
Then *Makyn* mak gude Cheir.

VII.

ROBIN thou reivs me of my Reſt;
I luve but thee alane.
Makyne, adieu, the Sun goes Weſt,
The Day is neir-hand gane.
Robin in Dule I am ſo dreſt,
That Luve will be my Bane.
Makyne gae luve quhair eir ye liſt;
For Lemans I luid nane.

VIII.

ROBIN I ſtand in ſic a Style,
I ſich, and that full ſair.
Makyne I have been heir this quyle,
At hame I wiſh I were.
Robin, my Hinny, talk and ſmyle,
Gif thou will do nae mair.
Makyne ſum uther Man beguyle;
For hameward I will fare.

XI Syne

IX.

SYNE *Robin* on his Ways he went,
As light as Leif on Tree:
But *Makyne* murnt and made Lament,
Scho trow'd him neir to ſee.
Robin he brayd attowre the Bent.
Then *Makyne* cryd on hie,
Now may thou ſing, for I am ſhent!
Quhat can ail Luve at me?

X.

MAKYNE went hame withouten fail,
And weirylie could weip;
Then *Robin* in a full fair Dale
Aſſemblit all his Sheip,
Be that ſomepart of *Makyns* Ail,
Outthrow his Heart coud creip,
Hir faſt he followt to aſſail,
And till her tuke gude keip.

XI. ABYD

Brayd attowre the Bent, haſted over the Field. *Tuke gude Keip*, kept a cloſe Eye upon her.

XI.

ABYD, abyd, thou fair *Makyne*,
A Word for ony Thing;
For all my Luve it ſall be thyne,
Withoutten departing,
All hale thy Heart for till have myne,
Is all my coveting;
My Sheip quhyle Morn till the Hours Nyne,
Will miſter nae keiping.

XII.

ROBIN, thou has heard ſung and ſay,
In Jeſts and Storys auld,
The Man that will not when he may,
Sall have nocht when he ſwald.
I pray to Heaven baith Nicht and Day,
Be eikd their Cares ſae cauld,
That preſſes firſt with thee to play,
Be Forreſt, Firth or Fauld.

XIII.

MAKYNE, the Nicht is ſoft and dry,
The Wether warm and fair,
And the grene Wod richt neir hand by
To walk attowre all where:

There

There may nae Janglers us espy,
That is to Luve contrair,
Therin, *Makyne*, baith you and I;
Unseen may mak Repair.

XIV.

ROBIN, that Warld is now away,
And quyt brocht till an End,
And neir again thereto perfay,
Sall it be as thou wend;
For of my Pain thou made but Play,
I Words in vain did spend;
As thou has done sae sall I say,
Murn on, I think to mend.

XV.

MAKYNE, the Hope of all my Heal,
My Heart on thee is set;
I'll evermair to thee be leil,
Quhile I may live but lett,
Never to fail as uthers feil,
Quhat Grace so eir I get.
Robin, with thee I will not deal;
Adieu, for this we met.

XVI. *MA-*

XVI.

MAKYNE wont hameward blyth enough,
Outowre the Holtis Hair.
Pure Robin murnd and Makyne leugh;
Scho ſang, and he ſichd ſair:
Scho left him in baith Wae and Wreuch,
In Dolor and in Care,
Keipand his Herd under a Heuch,
Amang the raſhy Gair.

Finis quod Mr. ROB. HENRYSON.

Advice to Man to enjoy his ain.

I.

MAN, ſen thy Lyfe is ay in Weir,
And Deid is ever drawing neir,
The Tyme unſiker and the Place,
Thyne ain Gude ſpend quhile thou has Space.

II.

GIF it be thyne, thy ſelf it uſes,
Gif it be not, thee it refuſes,
Another of thee Profit has,
Then ſpend thy ain quhile thou has ſpace.

III.

THOU may to Day have Gude to ſpend,
In haiſt to Morn may from it wend,
And leive an uther thy Baggs to brace,
Then ſpend thy ain quhile thou has Space.

IV. QUHILE

IV.

QUHILE thou has Space, ſe thou diſpone
That for thy Geir: quhen thou art gone,
Nae Wicht ane other ſlay or chace,
Enjoyt thy ſelf quhile thou has Space:

V.

SUM all his Days dryves owre in vain,
Ay gatherand Geir with Greif and Pain;
Is nevir glade at *Zule* nor *Pais*;
Thyne ain Gude ſpend quhile thou has Space.

VI.

SYNE cums ane blythſome of his Sorrow,
That for him prayd nor Even nor Morrow,
And ſangs it all with Merryneſs;
Then ſpend thy ain quhile thou has Space.

VII.

SUM gathers Gude, and ay it ſpares,
And after him cum braw young Airs,
That his auld Thrift ſets on an Ace,
And ſendſt a Sheiring in ſhort Space.

VIII.

Its juſt all thyne that here thou ſpends,
And not all that on thee depends,
But his to ſpend it that has Grace;
Then ſpend thyn ain quhyle thou has Space.

IX.

Trust not annother will do ye to,
It that thy ſelf wald nevir do;
For gif thou dois, ſtrange is thy Cace;
Thine ain Gude ſpend quhyle thou has Space.

X.

Luke how the Bairn dois to the Mother,
And tak Example be nane uther,
That it not after be thy Caſe;
Sae ſpend thy ain quhyle thou has Space.

Quod Dumbar.

On a bonny Veſſel called The FLEMING BARK, *belonging to* Edinburgh.

I.

I Have a little FLEMING Berge
Of cleanly Wark, and ſcho is wicht;
Quhat Pylot taks my Schip in Charge,
Maun hald her cleanly, trim and ticht:
Hir Hatches maun be handlit richt,
With Steir Burd, Baburd, Luf and Lie;
Scho will ſail all the Winter Nicht,
And nevir tak a Tellzevie.

II.

WITH ane even Keil afore the Wind,
Scho is richt fairdy with a Sail;
But at a Luſe ſcho lyis behind,
Gar heis her quhile her Howbands ſkail;

Draw weil the Takle to her Tail,
Scho will not miſs to lay zour Maſt,
To pump as aft as ze may ſail,
Ze will neir hald her Watter-faſt.

III.

To colf hir aft, can do no ill,
And tallour quhair the Flude-mark flows;
But gif ſcho lekks, get Men of Skill
To ſtap the Holes laigh in the Hows:
For faut of Hemp, tak hairy Tows,
And Stane-balaſt withouten other,
In moonleſs Nichts it is nae Mows,
Except a ſtout Man ſteir the Ruther.

IV.

A Veſſell fair abune the Watter,
And is but laitly reikit too,
Quhairto till deave ze with hir Blatter
Are nane ſic in the Flot as ſcho:
Plum weil the Grund, quhat eir ze do,
Hail on the Fore-ſheit and the Blind;
Scho will tak in at Cap and Ko,
Without ſcho balaſt be behind.

V.

NAE Pedders Pak ſcho will refuſe,
Altho hir Travel ſcho ſhoud tyne,
Nae Cuckold Carle or Carlings Pet,
That dois thair Corn and Catle trayn;
And quhere ſcho finds a Fallow fyne,
He will be fraught free for a Sowſe,
Scho carrys nocht but Men and Wyne,
And Bulion to the Cunzie-Houſe.

VI.

FOR Merchand Men I may haif Money,
But nane ſic as I wald deſyre,
And I am laith to mell with ony,
To leif my Matter in the Myre;
That Man that wirks beſt for his Hyre
Is he ſall be my Marriner,
But Nicht and Day he maunna tyre
That ſails my bonny Ballenger.

VII.

QUHEN Anker-hald nane can be fund,
I pray you caſt the Leid-lyne out;
And gif ye cannot get the Ground,
Steir be the Compaſs, keep her Rout;

Syne travers ſtill, and lay about,
And gar her top twicke Wind and Waw,
When Anker dryves, there is nae Dout
Thir tripand Tydes may tyne us a.

VIII.

Now is my pretty Pinnage ready,
Abydand on ſum Merchand Block,
But be ſcho empty, be our Lady,
Scho will be kitle of her Dok;
Scho will refuſe nae Landwart *Jok*,
Tho he ſhoud fraught her for a Crown:
Thus fair ze weil, ſays gude *John Cok*,
A nobil Sailor in this Toun.

Quod SEMPLE.

The

The Defens of Griſſell Sandylands
For uſing of hir ſelf contrair the Ten Commands,
Being in Ward for playing of the Loun
With every ane liſt giſe hir half a Croun.

I.

PERNITIOUS People, partial in Deſpyte,
Suſannas Juges, Sawers of Sedition,
Zour cankert Council is the Cauſe and Wyte,
Bowſtert with Pryde, and blinded with Ambition,
Finding nae Cryme, nor haiſing a Comiſſion
To hurt Dame *Venus* Virgins as ze do;
Gif ze ſae raſhly rin upon Suſpition,
Ze may put others on the Pannell too.

II.

To *Sandylands* ze war ower-ſair to ſchame hir,
Sen ze with Council quietly might command hir;
Grit Fulis ze war with Fallows to defame hir,
Haiſing nae Cauſe, but common Fame and Sklander,

Quhen finding no Man in the Houſe neir hand hir,
Exept a * Clerk of godly Converſation,
Quhat gif beſyde *John Duriès* ſelf ye fand hir,
Dar ze ſuſpect the haly Congregation.

III.

Zour fleſhly Conſciens gars zou tak this Feir,
Believe ze Virgins will be won ſae ſune,
Na, God forbid, but Men may bourd as neir,
And Women be nae war, quhen that is done,
Had ſcho bene ****
That war a perelous Play, ane micht ſuſpect them,
But Lads and Laſſes will meit after None,
When *Dick* and *Durie* baith dow not correct them.

IV.

Sen Drunkards, Gluttons and contentious Men,
Scheders of Blude, and Subjects given to Greid,
May not poſſeſs, or Heavens high Hall get ben,
As in the Byble daylie we may reid:
Let

* The Miniſter, *Beaton*.
Had ſcho bene * * * * In ſuch Places as are ſo ſullied or torn in our old Copies, that they cannot be read, we chuſe rather to leave a Blank than fill them up, tho' they might be ſupplied with ſmall Difficulty.

Let thir be weyd alyke, till every Leid,
Syne Fornication placit amang the laif,
Exempt zour ſelves throu all the Toun in Deid,
Then luke how mony zou unmarkid haif.

V.

Gif ye belife not *Betoun* be his Word,
In hir Defens, it cannot be refuſit;
Let him that follows fecht it with the Sword,
Ane auntient Law quhen Ladyis are accuſit.
Are Miniſters ſic Men to be abuſit,
That knaw the Scripture and the Ten Commands?
Tho he and ſcho wer in a Houſe incluſit,
That ſays not, he fell foul on *Sandylands*.

VI.

As for the reſt, I knaw nor thair Vocation,
Thair Lyfe and Manners; but I heir Folk name them
Catholick Virgins of the Congregation,
Syne were to tyne them, if ze wald obtein them:
Quhat can ze ſay, exept that ze haid ſein them
With *rem in re* all nakit, bot Adherance;
Then tak a Bow-ſtring, draw it down betwein them,
And gif it ſticks, that has an ill Appeirance.

VII.

Ze cative Clerks, that Colege ze frequentit
Quhen ze were Wanflers of the wanton Band,
Now ze are laimt frae Labour, I lamment it,
Zour Piſtols tuimt, and Backſprent like a Wand
Snap Wark, Adieu frae * * *
And warſe than that, ze want zour pryming Powder;
Then Conſciens cums with crukit Staff in Hand,
Greitand for bygane bowing Back and Shouder.

VIII.

Remember firſt zour former Quality,
And wrak nae Virgins with zour wilfull Weir;
But gif ze do, then our Regality
Has Power plainly then to replege them heir,
Micht they win to the Girth, I tak nae Feir,
Doun by the *Canno-Croce* I pray zou ſend them,
Where * *Bannatyn* has promiſt to compeir,
With lawfull Reaſon ready to defend them.

IX. Ane

* Mr. *Patrick.*

IX.

ANE Cauſe there is, thay cannot be convick,
Ze had nae Power after the Sun was ſet.
The Provoſt gave nae Charge to *Gilbert Dick*;
The ſpecial Thing that ſould not bein forzet,
They were not Theives, nor yet condemt in Dett,
Nor Red-hand tane, then was nae Cauſe ze knaw,
* But ze let Rukes and Gleds rin throu the Nett,
And ſaikleſs Daws make ſubject to the Law.

X.

Zour partial Juge we may declyne him to,
But ſet me doun the Parſon *Pennycuik*,
Or *Sanders Guthrie* ſee quhat he can do:
He kens the Law, and keips zour ain Court-Buke;
For Men of Law, I wait not quhere to luke:
James Banantyne was anes a Man of Skill;
And gif he comes not there, I wiſh we tuke,
To keip our Dyet, Mes *David Makgill*.

XI. QUHAT

* ....Little Villains muſt ſubmit to Fate,
That great Ones may enjoy the World in State.

XI.

QUHAT Kimmer casts the formest Stane, lets se,
At thae poor Queans, ze wrangfully suspeck
For sklenting Bouts; now better war let be,
Than to begin and get zour selves a Geck,
The greatest Falt I find in this Effect;
They baith tuke Pay, and put themselves in Schame
But quhen the Court cums to the Town, quhat Reck
We sall restore them to their Stock again.

XII.

IN zour Tolbuith sic Prisoners to plant,
Will be receivd richt weil, ye may consider,
Gude Captane *Adam* will not let them want
Bedding, howbeid they sould lig all togidder.
As for his Wife, I wald ye sould forbid her,
Hir Eyndling Toits, I true ther be nae Danger,
Becausе his Back is larbour groun and lidder,
Bot Understanding now to treit a Stranger.

XIII.

THE greatest Greif I find, ze haif defamed
Thir Luvers leil, and done their Friends but Lack,
Becausе thair Bands were just to be proclaimd,
Partys had met, and made a fair Contract:

But

But now alas the Men are loppen back;
r oppen Sklander callt a ſpeikand Deil,
In grit Affairs ze had not bein ſae ſnack,
bout the ruleing of the Common-weil.

XIV.

o puniſh Part is Partiality,
To puniſh all is hard to do indeid;
r ſend them heir to our Regality,
And we ſall ſee gif we can ſerve their Neid;
This rural Ryme whaever likes to reid,
o *Dick* and *Dury* 'tis directed plain,
Quhere I offend them in my Landwart Leid,
ſall be ready to reform again.

Quod SEMPLE.

THE

The Battle of *Harlaw*,

Foughten upon Friday, July 24. 1411, *againſt* Donald *of the* Iſles.

I.

FRAE *Dunideir* as I cam throuch,
Doun by the Hill of *Banochie*,
Allangſt the Lands of *Garioch*;
Grit Pitie was to heir and ſe
The Noys and duleſum Hermonie,
That evir that dreiry Day did daw,
Cryand the *Corynoch* on hie,
Alas! alas! for the *Harlaw*.

II.

I marvlit quhat the Matter meint,
All Folks war in a fiery fairy:
I wiſt nocht quha was Fae or Freind;
Zit quietly I did me carrie.

Bitt

But ſen the Days of auld King *Hairy*,
Slauchter was not hard nor ſene,
And thair I had nae Tyme to tairy,
r Biſſineſs in *Aberdene*.

III.

HUS as I walkit on the Way,
To *Inverury* as I went,
met a Man and bad him ſtay,
Requeiſting him to mak me quaint,
Of the Beginning and the Event,
hat happenit thair at the *Harlaw*;
Then he entreited me tak tent,
nd he the Truth ſould to me ſchaw.

IV.

RIE *Donald* of the *Yles* did claim,
Unto the Lands of *Roſs* ſum Richt,
nd to the *Governour* he came,
Them for to haif gif that he micht:

But

Governor, *Robert* Duke of *Albany*, Uncle to King
ames I. The Account of this famous Battle may be ſeen
our *Scots* Hiſtories.

Quha ſaw his Intereſt was but ſlicht;
And thairfore anſwerit with Diſdain;
He haſtit hame baith Day and Nicht,
And ſent nae Bodward back again.

V.

But *Donald* richt impatient
Of that Anſwer Duke *Robert* gaif,
He vowd to God Omnipotent,
All the hale Lands of *Roſs* to haif,
Or ells be graithed in his Graif.
He wald not quat his Richt for nocht,
Nor be abuſit lyk a Slaif,
That Bargin ſould be deirly bocht.

VI.

Then haiſtylie he did command,
That all his Weir-Men ſhould convene,
Ilk an well harniſit frae Hand,
To meit and heir quhat he did mein;
He waxit wrath and vowit Tein,
Sweirand he wald ſurpryſe the North,
Subdew the Brugh of *Aberdene*,
Mearns, *Angus*, and all *Fyfe*, to *Forth*:

VII. Thus

VII.

THUS with the Weir men of the *Ylis*,
Quha war ay at his bidding bown,
With Money maid, with Forſs and Wyls;
Richt far and neir baith up and doun:
Throw Mount and Muir, frae Town to Town,
Allangſt the Land of *Roſs* he roars,
And all obey'd at his Bandown,
Evin frae the *North* to *Suthren* Shoars.

VIII.

THEN all the Countrie Men did zield;
For nae Reſiſtans durſt they mak,
Nor offer Battill in the Feild,
Be forſs of Arms to beir him bak;
Syne they reſolvit all and ſpak,
That beſt it was for thair Behoif,
They ſould him for thair Chiftain tak,
Believing weil he did them luve.

IX.

THEN he a Proclamation maid
All Men to meet at *Inverneſs*,
Throw *Murray* Land to mak a Raid,
Frae *Arthurſyre* unto *Speyne*;

And further mair, he ſent Expreſs,
To ſchaw his Collours and Enſenzie,
To all and ſindry, mair and leſs,
Throchout the Boundis of *Boyn* and *Enzie*.

X.

And then throw fair *Strathbogie* Land,
His Purpoſe was for to purſew,
And quhaſoevir durſt gainſtand,
That Race they ſhould full ſairly rew.
Then he bad all his Men be trew,
And him defend by Forſs and Slicht,
And promiſt them Rewardis anew,
And mak them Men of mekle Micht.

XI.

Without Reſiſtans as he ſaid,
Throw all theſe Parts he ſtoutly paſt,
Quhair ſum war wae, and ſum war glaid,
But *Garioch* was all agaſt.
Throw all theſe Feilds he ſped him faſt,
For ſic a Sicht was never ſene;
And then, forſeith, he langd at laſt
To ſe the Bruch of *Aberdene*.

To

XII.

To hinder this prowd Enterprise,
The stout and michty Erle of *MARR*
With all his Men in Arms did ryse,
Even frae *Curgarf* to *Craigyvar*,
And down the syde of *Don* richt far,
Angus and *Mearns* did all convene
To fecht, or *DONALD* came sae nar
The Ryall Bruch of *Aberdene*.

XIII.

And thus the Martial Erle of *MARR*,
Marcht with his Men in richt Array,
Befoir the Enemie wns aware,
His Banner bauldly did display.
For weil enewch they kend the Way,
And all their Semblance weil they saw,
Without all Dangir, or Delay,
Came haistily to the *HARLAW*.

MARR, *Alexander* Earl of *Mar*, Son of *Alexander* the Governour's Brother.

XIV.

WITH him the braif Lord *OGILVY*,
Of *Angus* Sherriff principall,
The Conſtabill of gude *Dunde*,
The Vanguard led before them all.
Suppoſe in Number they war ſmall,
Thay firſt richt bauldlie did purſew,
And maid thair Faes befoir them fall,
Quha then that Race did fairly rew.

XV.

AND then the worthy Lord *SALTON*,
The ſtrong undoubted Laird of *DRUM*,
The ſtalwart Laird of *Lawriſtone*,
With ilk thair Forces all and ſum.
PANMUIR with all his Men did cum,
The Provoſt of braif *Aberdene*,
With Trumpets and with Tuick of Drum,
Came ſchortly in thair Armour ſchene.

XVI.

THESE with the Erle of *MARR* came on,
In the Reir-ward richt orderlie,
Thair Enemies to ſett upon;
In awfull Manner hardily,

To

Togither vowit to live and die,
Since they had marchit mony Mylis
For to ſuppreſs the Tyrannie
Of douted *DONALD* of the *Yles*.

XVII.

But he in Number Ten to Ane,
Richt ſubtilie alang did ryde,
With *Malcomtoſch* and fell *Maclean*,
With all their Power at thair Syde,
Preſumeand on thair Strenth and Pryde,
Without all Feir or ony Aw,
Richt bauldlie Battill did abyde,
Hard by the Town of fair *HARLAW*.

XVIII.

The Armies met, the Trumpet ſounds,
The dandring Drums alloud did touk,
Baith Armies byding on the Bounds,
Till ane of them the Feild ſould bruik.
Nae Help was thairfor, nane wald jouk,
Ferſs was the Fecht on ilka Syde,
And on the Ground lay mony a Bouk
Of them that thair did Battill byd.

XIX.

WITH doutſum Victorie they dealt,
The bludy Battil laſtit lang,
Each Man his Nibours Forſs thair felt;
The weakeſt aft-tymes gat the Wrang:
Thair was nae Mowis thair them amang,
Naithing was hard but heavy Knocks,
That Eccho maid a dulefull Sang,
Thairto reſounding frae the Rocks.

XX.

BUT *Donalds* Men at laſt gaif back;
For they war all out of Array.
The Earl of MARRIS Men throw them brak,
Purſewing ſhairply in thair Way,
Thair Enemys to tak or ſlay,
Be Dynt of Forſs to gar them yield,
Quha war richt blyth to win away,
And ſae for Feirdneſs tint the Feild.

XXI.

THEN *Donald* fled, and that full faſt,
To Mountains hich for all his Micht;
For he and his war all agaſt,
And ran till they war out of Sicht;

And

And ſae of *Roſs* he loſt his Richt,
Thocht mony Men with him he brocht,
Towards the *Yles* fled Day and Nicht,
And all he wan was deirlie bocht.

XXII.

This is, (quod he) the richt Report
Of all that I did heir and knaw,
Thocht my Diſcourſe be ſumthing ſchort,
Tak this to be a richt ſuthe Saw:
Contrairie God and the Kings Law,
Thair was ſpilt meikle Chriſtian Blude,
Into the Battil of *Harlaw*;
This is the Sum, ſae I conclude.

XXIII.

But zit a bony Quhyle abyde,
And I ſall mak thee cleirly ken
Quhat Slauchter was on ilkay Syde,
Of *Lowland* and of *Highland* Men,
Quha for thair awin haif evir bene:
Theſe lazie Lowns micht weil be ſpaird,
Cheſſit lyke Deirs into thair Dens,
And gat thair Waiges for Rewaird.

XXIV.

MALCOMTOSH of the Clan Heid Cheif,
Mackleen with his grit hauchty Heid,
With all thair Succour and Releif,
War dulefully dung to the Deid:
And now we are freid of thair Feid,
They will not lang to cum again;
Thousands with them without Remeid,
On *Donald*'s Syd that Day war slain.

XXV.

AND on the uther Syde war loſt,
Into the Feild that diſmal Day,
Chief Men of Worth (of mekle Coſt)
To be lamentit ſair for ay.
The Lord *Saltoun* of *Rothemay*,
A Man of Micht and mekle Main;
Grit Dolour was for his Decay,
That ſae unhappylie was ſlain.

XXVI.

Of the beſt Men amang them was,
The gracious gude Lord *OGILVY*,
The Sheriff-Principal of *Angus*;
Renownit for Truth and Equitie,

For

For Faith and Magnanimitie;
He had few Fallows in the Field,
Zit fell by fatall Deſtinie,
For he nae ways wad grant to zield.

XXVII.

Sir *James Scrimgeor* of *Duddap*, Knicht,
Grit Conſtabill of fair *Dundé*,
Unto the dulefull Deith was dicht,
The Kingis cheif Banner-man was he,
A valziant Man of Chevalrie,
Quhais Predeceſſors wan that Place
At *Spey*, with gude King *WILLIAM* frie,
Gainſt *Murray* and *Macduncans* Race.

XXVIII.

Gude Sir *Allexander Irving*,
The much renownit Laird of *Drum*,
Nane in his Days was bettir ſene,
Quhen they war ſemblit all and ſum;
To praiſe him we ſould not be dumm,
For Valour, Witt and Worthyneſs,
To end his Days he ther did cum,
Quhois Ranſom is remeidyleſs.

XXIX. And

XXIX.

And thair the Knicht of *Lawriſton*
Was ſlain into his Armour ſchene,
And gude Sir *Robert Davidſon*,
Quha Proveſt was of *Aberdene*,
The Knicht of *Panmure*, as was ſene,
A mortall Man in Armour bricht,
Sir *Thomas Murray* ſtout and kene,
Left to the Warld thair laſt gude Nicht.

XXX.

Thair was not ſen King *Keneths* Days
Sic ſtrange inteſtine crewel Stryf
In *Scotland* ſene, as ilk Man ſays,
Quhair mony liklie loſt thair Lyfe;
Quhilk maid Divorce twene Man and Wyfe,
And mony Childrene fatherleſs,
Quhilk in this Realme has bene full ryfe;
Lord help theſe Lands, our Wrangs redreſs.

XXXI.

In *July*, on Saint *James* his Even,
That Four and twenty diſmall Day,
Twelve hundred, ten Score and eleven
Of Zeirs ſen Chryst, the Suthe to ſay:
Men will remember as they may,
Quhen thus the Veride they knaw,
And mony a ane may murn for ay,
The brim Battil of the *Harlaw*.

An

Ane BALLAT *of the ſenziet Frier of* Tungland, *How he fell in the Myre fleand to* Turkland.

I.

AS zung *Auror* with Chryſtal Hail,
In Orient ſchewd hir Viſage pail,
A ſwenyng Swyth did me aſſail,
Of Sonis of Sathanis Seid;
Methocht a *Turk* of *Tartary*,
Come throw the Bounds of *Barbary*,
And lay forloppin in *Lombardy*
Full lang, in Watchmans Weid.

II. FRAE

An Account of this *Friar*, who was an *Italian*, may be ſeen in Mr. *Leſly*'s Hiſtory. K. *James* IV. made him Abbot of *Tungland*: He pretended and attempted to make Gold out of other Mettals; but failing of that, he next gave out, That he could fly, and very boldly appointed the Day and Place, which was from *Stirling*-Caſtle, where the King and many Spectators ſaw him throw himſelf with his large Wings from the Rock, and break his Thigh-bone.

II.

FRAE baptaſing for to eſchew,
Thair a religious Man he ſlew,
And cled him in his Habeit new,
For he couth wryte and reid.
Quhen kend was his Diſſimulance,
And all his curſit Governance;
For Feir he fled, and come in *France*,
With litill *Lombard* Leid.

III.

To be a Leiche he fenyt him thair,
Quhilk mony micht rew evirmair,
For he left nowthir ſick nor ſair
Unſlane, or he hyne zed:
Vane-Organs he full cleinly carvit,
Quhen of his Straik ſae mony ſtarvit,
Dreid he had got quhat he deſarvit,
He fled away gude Speid.

IV.

IN *Scotland* then the narreſt Way
He come, his Cunning till aſſay;
To ſum Men thair it was nae Play,
The preiving of his Sciens,

In

In Pottingrie he wrocht grit Pyne,
He murdreist mony in Medecyne,
The *Few* was of a grit Engyne,
And generit was of Gyans.

V.

In Leich-craft he was homecyd,
He wald haif for a Nicht to byd,
A Haiknay and the Hurtmans Hyd,
Sae mekle he was of Myance.
His Yrons was rude as ony Rawchter,
Quhair he leit Blude, it was nae Lauchter;
Full mony an Instrument for Slauchter
Was in his Gardevyance.

VI.

He couth gif Cure for Laxatyve,
To gar a wicht Horse want his Lyfe,
Quha eir assay wald Man or Wyfe,
Thair Hipps zied hiddy-giddy.
His Practicks neir war put to Preif,
Bot sudden Deid or grit Mischief;
He had Purgatien to mak a Thief
To die without a Widdy.

VII.

UNTO nae Meſs cir preſt this Prelat,
For Sound of ſacring Bell nor Skellat,
As Blackſmyth brukit was his Pallat,
For batting at the Study.
Thocht he come hame a new maid Channoun.
He had diſpenſit with *Martynis* Cannoun
On him come nowdir Stole nor Fannoun,
For ſmuking of the Smydy.

VIII.

METHOCHT ſeir Faſſonis he aſſailziet
To mak the Quinteſſance, and failziet;
And when he ſaw that nocht availziet,
A Fedrem on he tuke:
And ſchupe in *Turkie* for to flie,
And quhen that he did mont on hie,
All Fowl ferliet quhat he ſould be,
That did upon him luke.

IX.

SUM held he had bene *Dedalus*,
Sum the *Minatour* marvellous,
And ſum the Smyth of *Mars*, *Vulcanus*;
And ſum *Saturnus* Kuke.

And

And ay the Cuſchetts at him tuggit,
The Rtiks him rent, the Ravyns druggit;
The hudit Craws his Hair furth ruggit,
The Hevin he micht not bruke.

X.

The Mytane and Saint *Martyns* Fowl
Wend he had bene the hornit Howle;
They ſet upon him with a Zowle,
And gaif him Dynt for Dynt.
The Golk, the Gormaw, and the Gled,
Beſt him with Buffets till he bled;
The Spar-halk to the Spring him ſped,
As ferſs as Fyre off Flint.

XI.

The Tarſall gaif him Tug for Tug,
A Stanchell hang in ilka Lug,
The Pyot furth his Pens did rug,
The Stork ſtraik ay bot Stynt.
The Biſſart biſſy bot Rebuke,
Scho was ſae cleverous of her Cluke,
His B---s he micht nae langer bruke,
Scho held them at a Hynt.

XII. Scho

XII.

THICK was the Cloud of Kayis and Crawis,
Of Marlzeons, Mittains, and of Mawis,
That bikkirt at his Baird with Blawis,
In Battill him about.
They nybillt him with dinſome Cry,
The Rerd of them raiſe to the Sky,
And evir he cryd on Fortune, Fy,
His Lyfe was into Dowt.

XIII.

THE Jäe him skrippit with a Skryke,
And skornit him as it was lyk,
The Egill ſtrong at him did ſtryk,
And rawcht him mony a Rout.
For Feir uncunnandly he cawkit,
Quhyle all his Penns wer drownt and drawkit,
He maid a hundreth Nolt all hawkit,
Beneath him with a Spowt.

XIV.

HE ſchure his Feddreme that was ſchene,
And ſlippit out of it full clene,
And in a Myre, up to the Ene,
Amang the Glar did glyd.

The

The Fowlis all at the Fedreme dang,
As at a Monſter, them amang,
Quhyle all the Penns of it outſprang
Intill the Air full wyde.

XV.

And he lay at the Plunge eirmair,
Sae langs he hard a Ravin rair;
The Craws him ſocht with Crys of Cair
In every Schaw beſyde.
Had he reveild bene to the Ruiks,
They had him riven with thair Cluiks:
Thre Days in Dubs amang the Duiks,
He did with Dirt him hyde.

XVI.

The Air was dirkint with the Fowls,
That came with Zawmers and with Zowls,
With Skryking, Skryming and with Scouls
To tak him in the Tyde.
I walknit with the Noyſs and Schout,
Sic hydious Beir was me about,
Senſyne I curſt that cankirt Rout,
Quaireir I gang or ryde.

Finis quod Dunbar.

TYDINGS frae the SESSION.

I.

A Murelands Man of Uplands Mak,
At Hame thus to his Nychbour ſpak,
What Tydings, Goſſip, Peice or Weir?
The tother rounit in his Eir,
I tell zou this under Confeſſion,
But laitly lichtit aff my Meir,
I come of *Edinburgh* frae the Seſſion.

II.

QUHAT Tydings hard ze thair, I pray zou?
The tother anſwert, I ſall ſay zou,
Keip this all ſecreit, gentil Brothir,
Is nae Man thair that treſts ane uther:
A common Doer of Tranſgreſſion,
Of Innocents preveins a Futher:
Sic Tydings hard I at the Seſſion.

III. SUM

III.

Sum with his Maik, rowns him to pleis,
That envyous wald byt aff his Neis;
His Fae him by the Oxter leids;
Sum Patters with his Mouth on Beids,
That has his Mynd all on Oppreſſion:
Sum becks full law, and ſchaws bair Heids,
Wald luke full heich war not the Seſſion.

IV.

Sum bydand Law, lays Land in Wed;
Sum ſuperexpendit gaes to Bed,
Sum ſpeids, cauſe he in Court has Meins,
Sum of Partiality compleins,
How Feid and Favour fleims Diſcretion:
Sum ſpeiks full fair and falſly feins;
Sic Things I hard and ſaw at Seſſion.

V.

Sum Summonds caſts, and ſum excepts,
Sum ſtand beſyd and skaild Law kepps;
Sum is delayd, ſum wins, ſum tynes;
Sum maks him merry at the Wynes;
Sum is put out of his Poſſeſſion;
Sum herrit, and on Credance dynes;
Sic Tydings hard I at the Seſſion.

VI.

Sum ſweirs, and gies clein up with GOD,
Sum in a Lamb-ſkin is a Tod,
Sum in his Tung his Kyndneſs turſes,
Sum cuts at Throats, and ſum pyks Purſes:
Sum gaes to Gallows with Proceſſion;
Sum ſaifs the Seit, and ſum them curſes;
Sic Tydings hard I at the Seſſion.

VII.

Religious Men of divers Places,
Cum thair to wou, and ſee fair Faces,
Baith *Carmelites* and *Cordiliers*,
To Gemer cum, and get mae Friers,
Unmindful of thair cheſt Profeſſion,
The zunger at the elder leirs;
Sic Tydings hard I at the Seſſion.

VIII.

Thair cums zung Monks of hie Complexion,
Of Mynd devote, Luve and Affection;
And in the Court thair het Fleſh dant,
Full Father-lyk, with Pech and Pant:
They are ſae humble of Interceſſion,
Thair Errand all kynd Women grant:
Sic Tydings hard I at the Seſſion.

XI.

Sum honeſt Lords adorn the Bench,
Sum mynds nocht but his Wyne and Wench;
Sum has Law Learning of his awin,
Sum wants and lippens to his Man,
In ilka Cauſe to get a Leſſon;
Sum cankirt girns, be Party thrawin,
And fleims fair Juſtice frae the Seſſion.

X.

The Advocates I may nocht wyte,
Nor yet the Lads that Lybalds wryte;
For its thair Craft, and they maun ſen,
This has nae Spevie in his Pen,
Nor that a Palſie in Expreſſion;
But weil I wate an of ilk Ten,
Micht very weil gane all the Seſſion.

Quod Dunbar.

A

Generall SATYRE.

I.

DEVORIT with Dreim deviſing in my Slumber,
How that this Realm with Nobles our of Number,
Gydit, provydit ſae mony Years has bene;
And now ſic Hunger, ſic Cowarts and ſic Cumber
Within this Land was nevir hard nor ſene,

II.

SIC Pryd with Prelats, ſae few to preich and pray;
Sic hunt of Harlots, with them baith Nicht and Day,
They that ſould have ay their GOD afore their Ene,
Sae nyce in Array, ſae ſtrange to their Abay,
Within this Land was nevir hard or ſene,

III.

Sae mony Preists cled up in fecular Weid,
With blasing Breists, casting thair Clais abreid;
It is no Neid to tell of quhome I mein,
To quhome the Creid and Testament to reid
Within this Land was nevir hard nor sene.

IV.

Sae mony Maisters, sae mony gowckit Clerks,
Sae mony Waisters, to God and all his Warks,
Sic syrie Sparks, dispytful frae the Splene,
Sic losin Sarks, sae mony Glengore Marks,
Within, *&c.*

V.

Sae mony Lords, sae mony naturale Fules,
That better accords, to play them at the Trules,
Nor seis the Dules, that commons did sustene.
New tane frae Schules, sae mony Anis and Mules,
Within, *&c.*

VI.

Sae meikle Treasson, sae mony partial Saws,
Sae little Reason, to help the common Cause,
That all the Laws are not set by ane Bene;
Sic fenzied Flaws, sae money wastit Waws,
Within, *&c.*

VII.

SAE mony Theivs and Murderers weil kend,
Sae grit Releivs of Lords them till deffend,
Becauſe they ſpend the Pelf them betwene,
Sae few till wend this Miſcheif till amend,
Within, &c.

VIII.

THIS to correct, they ſhore with mony Cracks,
But ſmall the Effect of Speir or bartar Ax,
Quhen Courage lacks, that ſuld the Corſs mak kein,
Sae mony Jacks, and Brats on Beggars Baks,
Within, &c.

IX.

SIC Vant of Wouſtours, with Hearts in ſinful Satures,
Sic brawland Boſters, degenerate frae their Natures,
And ſic Regratours, the pure Man to prevene;
Sae mony Traytors, ſae mony Rubeators,
Within, &c.

X.

SAE mony Juges, and Lords new made of late,
Sae ſmall Refuges, the pure Man to debate;
Sae mony Eſtate, for common Weil ſae quheue,
Owre all the Gate, ſae mony Theives ſa tait,
Within, &c.

XI. SAE

XI.

Sae mony a Sentance retreitit for to win
Geir and Aquentance, or Kyndneſs of thair Kin;
Thay think nae Sin, quhair Proffit cums betwene
Sae mony a Gin, to haiſt them to the Pin,
Within, *&c.*

XII.

Sic Knavis and Crakkars, to play at Cards and Dyce,
Sic Haland-Shakers, quhilk are *Cowkelbys* Gryce,
Ar halden of Pryce, when Lymers do convene;
Sic Store of Vyce, ſae mony Witts unwyſe,
Within, *&c.*

XIII.

Sae mony Merchands, ſae mony ar menſworne,
Sic pure Tennands, ſic curſing Ein and Morn,
Quhilk ſlays the Corn, and Fruit that grows grene;
Sic Skaith and Skorn, ſae mony Paitlaits worn,
Within, *&c.*

XIV.

Sae mony Rackets, ſae mony Ketch Pillars,
Sic Balls, ſic Nackets, and ſic Tutivilaris,
And ſic Ill-willars, to ſpeik of King and Quene,
Sic Pudding-fillars, deſcending doun frae Millars,
Within, *&c.*

XV. Sic

XV.

Sic Fardingails on Flags as fat as Quhails,
Fattit lyk Fouls, with Hatts that nocht avails,
And ſic foul Tails, to ſweip the Cauſy clene,
The Duſt up ſails, ſae mony with uck ſails
Within, *&c.*

XVI.

Sae mony a Kitty, dreſt up in Golden Chenze,
Sae few witty, that weil can Fables fenze,
With apil Renze, ay ſhawand her Golden Chene;
Of Sathans Senzie ſure ſic an unſall Menzie
Within this Land was nevir hard nor ſene.

Quod DUNBAR.

E P I-

Wiſe SAYINGS.

IT that I gife, I haif,
It that I len, I craif,
It that I ſpend, is myne,
It that I leif, I tyne:
Get and ſaif, and thou ſalt haif,
Len and grant, and thou ſalt want;
Wha in his Plenty taks not Heid,
He ſall haif Falt in Tyme of Neid:
When eir I lend,
I am a Friend,
And whan I craif,
I am unkynd;
Thus of my Friend, I mak a Fae,
I ſhrew me, gif I mair do ſae.

A zung Man Chiftane, wittles,
A pure Man Spendar, gettles,
Ane auld Man Trechour, truthleſs,
A Woman Lowpar, landleſs;
Be gude Saint *Giel*,
Sall nevir ane of thir do weil.

THE

THE COMPLAINT.

An EPISTLE to his Miſtreſs on the Force of LUVE.

I.

QUHAIR Luve is kendlit comfortleſs,
Ther is nae Fever half ſae fell,
Frae *Cupid* keiſt his Dart begeſs,
I had nae Hap to ſaif my ſell,
Lyk as my woſull Heart can tell,
My inwart Pains and Siching ſair;
For weil I wat the Pains of Hell
Unto my Pain can nocht compair.

II.

For ony Malledy, ze ken,
Except peuir Luve, or than ſtark Deid,
Help may be had frae Hands of Men,
Throw Medicines to mak Remeid:
For Harms of Body, Hands or Heid,
The Pottingars will purge the Pains;
But all the Members are at Feid,
Quhair that the Law of Luve remains.

III.

As *Tantalus* in Watter ſtands,
To ſtanche his thriſty Appetyte,
Bewailing Body, Heid and Hands,
The River fleis him in Diſpyte;
Sae does my luſty Lady qwhyte,
She fleis the Place where I repair:
To hungry Men is ſmal Delyte
To twitch the Meit, and eit nae mair.

IV.

The nar the Flame, the hetter Fyre,
The mair I pyne, zet I perſew,
The mair enkendlis my Diſyre,
Frae I behald her heavenly Hew;

Pure

Pure *Piramus* himſelf he ſlew,
Made Saul and Body to diſſayer,
He diet but anes, farwel, adiew,
I daylie die, and zet dies never.

V.

Zit *Jaſon* did enjoy *Medea*,
And *Theſeus* gat his *Adriane*,
Dido diſſaved was with *Enea*,
And *Demophoy* his Lady wan;
Gif Women trowd ſic Traytors than,
For till enjoy the Fruits of Luve,
Quhy wald ze ſlay zour faikles Man,
Quha never mynds for to remuve.

VI.

Thocht ferſs *Achil*, that worthie Knicht,
Was ſlain for Luve, the Suthe to ſay,
Leander on a ſtormy Nicht
Diet fleitand on the Billous gray;
Thocht *Troyalus* he langourt ay,
Still waitand for his Luves Return,
Had not ſic Pyne (thairs was but Play)
As daylie does my Body burn.

VII.

As Pol to Pylatis does appeir
Far brichtar than the Stars about,
Sae does zour Viſage ſhine as cleir
As Roſe amang the raskal Rout;
War *Paris* leivand now, bot Dout,
And had the Golden Ball to ſerve,
I wate he wald ſune wail zou out,
And leif baith *Venus* and *Minerva*.

VIII.

Now Paper pas, and at her ſpeir,
Gif pleiſe her Prudence to imprint it?
My faithfull Heart I ſend it heir,
In Signe of Paper I preſent it;
Wald GOD my Body war forment it,
That I micht ſerve hir Grace bot Glammer,
To be hir Knaif I am contentit,
Or ſmalleſt Varlet of her Chammer.

Quod King HENRY &c.

CUPID *quareld for his Tyranie, Blindnes and Injuſtice.*

I.

QUHOME fould I wyt for my Miſchance,
But *Cupid* King of Variance,
Thy Court, without Conſiderance,
Quhen I it knew,
Or evir made the Obſervance,
Richt fair I rew.

II.

THOU and thy Law ar Inſtruments
Of diverſs Inconveniments;
Thy Service mony ſair repents,
Knawing the Quarrell,
Quhen Body, Fame and Subſtance ſhents,
Had not I. And Saul in Perel.
As daylie does I.

III. QUHAT

III.

QUHAT is thy Manrent but Miſcheif,
Sturt, Anger, Grunching, Yre and Greif;
Ill Lyfe, and Langour bot Releife,
Of Wounds ſae wan,
Diſpliſour, Pain, and hie Repreife
Of GOD and Man.

IV.

THOU luves all them that loudeſt leis;
And follows faſteſt them that fleis;
Thou lichtlies all trew Properties
Of Luve expreſs,
And marks quhen neir a Styme thou ſeis;
And hits begeſs.

V.

BLIND Buk! but at the Bound thou ſhutes,
And them forbeirs that the rebutes;
Thou ryves thair Hearts ay frae the Rutes,
Quilk ar thy awin,
And cures them that cares not three Cutes
To be misknawn.

VI.

THOU art in Friendſhip with thy Fae,
And to thy beſt Freinds fremit ay,
Thou fleims all faithful Men thee frae,
Of ſtedfaſt Thocht,
Regarding nane but them perſay
That cures the nocht.

VII.

THOU chirrieſs them that with the chyds,
And banniesſ them with thee abyds:
Thou hes thy Horn ay in thair Syds
That cannot ſtis;
Thay furder warſt in thee confyds,
I ſay for me.

Quod ALEXR. SCOT.

THE

THE

Auld Maus inveighing againſt Mouth-Thankleſs.

I.

ANE agit Man twyce Fourty Zeirs,
After the haly Days of *Zule*,
I hard him carp amang the Freirs,
Of Order gray, makand grit Dule;
Richt as he war a furious Fule;
Aft-tymes he ſicht, and ſaid Alace!
Be *Claud* my Care may nevir cule,
That I ſervt evir *Mouth-Thankleſs*.

II.

THROCH Ignorance, and Folly, Zouth,
My Preterit Tyme I wald neir ſpair,
Pleſance to put into that Mouth,
Till Aige ſaid, Fule, let be thy Fare,

And now my Heid is quhyt and liair,
For feiding of that fowmart Face,
Quhairfor I murn baith late and air,
That I ſervt evir *Mouth-thankleſs*.

III.

Silver and Gold that I mieht get
Beiſands, Brotches, Robes and Rings,
Frelie to gife, I wald nocht let,
To pleiſe the Mulls attour all Things.
Right as the Swan for Sorrow ſings,
Before her Deid a little Space,
Richt ſae do I, and my Hands wrings,
That I ſervt evir *Mouth-thankleſs*.

IV.

Bettir it were a Man to ſerve
With Honour brave beneath a Sheild,
Nor her to pleis, thocht thou ſould ſterve,
That will not luke on the in Eild,
Frae that thou has nae Hair to heild
Thy Heid frae harming that it hes,
Quhen *Pen* and Purſe and all ar peild,
Tak then a Meis of *Mouth-thankleſs*.

V. It

V.

IT may be in Example ſene,
The Grund of Truth wha underſtude,
* Frae in thy Bag thou beirs thyne Een,
Thou gets nae Grace but for thy Gude,
At *Venus* Cloſet, to conclude,
Call ze not this a eankert Caſe:
Now GOD help and the haly Rude,
And keip all Men frae *Mouth-thankleſs.*

VI.

O brukil Zouth in Tyme behald,
And in thy Heart thir Words gae graif,
Or thy Complexion gather Cauld,
Amend thy Miſs, thy ſelf to ſaif,
The Bliſs abune gif thou wald haif,
And of thy Gilt Remit and Grace.
All this I hard an auld Man raif,
After the Zule, of *Mouth-thankleſs.*

Quod KENNEDY.

---

* Makes Uſe of Spectacles

The *Soutar* descryvit by the *Tailzior*.

I.

THou leis Loun, thou leis, thou leis,
Zone are Soutars that thou seis,
Kneiland full lawly on thair Kneis,
Thair Gods till adorn.
Be Saint *Girnega*, that grim Ghaist,
To hale ther Hairsnesses on haist,
Of moltin Tauch thay tak a Test
On *Monandays* at Morn.

II.

To hald them halesome at the Heart,
Sum of fat Ulie spews a Quart,
Uthers a Pynt for thair awn Part,
Of foul Soutars Blek,

Thus ſum ſits, and ſum ſews,
Sum byts the Birs, ſum Uly ſpews,
And he keips ay beſt his Kews,
Spouts in his Nichbour's Nek.

III.

Of Tauch or Uly when they want,
Sir *Gibrega* will give a Gant,
And bok a Pynt at ilka Pant,
And dr-- them Roſet rowth.
Wald Man and Wyf all do as I,
When eir we ſaw them we ſould cry,
Fy on them, ſich! and fy! fy! fy!
They fyle the Wind in trowth.

THE

Soutars Anſwer to the *Tailzior.*

I.

FAlse clatterand Kenſy, Kuckold Knaif,
Blaſphemand Baird in thy Backbyting,
Of me thou ſall an Anſwer haif,
Fumart cum forth, and face my Flyting,
Warſe than a Warlo in thy Wryting;
Thou Sathans Seid ay ſet to Evil,
Mandrag, Memerkyn, miſmade Myting,
I ſall the conjure lyk the Devil.

II.

Fy on the Taylzior never trew,
Frae Claith weil can thou cleik a Clout,
Of Stomoks ſtown baith red and blew,
A Bag fou anes thou bore about.

They

They followt thee with Cry and Shout,
Hey, hald the Thief that ſtaw the Claith;
Thou will be hangt, haif thou nae Dout,
For mony preſumptous forſworn Aith.

III.

Amang the Wyves it ſall be witten
Thou was ane Knakat in the Way,
For louſy Seims that thou haſt bitten,
Thy Gumes ar giltin grein and gray;
Thy Couch is on a Sonk of Strae,
Peild Prick-louſe of a Pudding Price,
Breik Boutcher on a Suny Brae;
Wae worth thee Wirryar of quhyt Lyce.

IV.

Thou zeid with Elwand, Sheir and Thymbill,
Full mony a Day ſeikand thy Craft;
For Halfpenies thy Hand zeid nimble,
Grit Blads and Bitts thou ſtaw full aft;
Quha delt with thee they wer full daft,
For on thy Back, as all Men kens,
Wer broken mony a gude Ax Shaft,
For wrangus Geir of uther Mens.

V. Thy

V.

THY Wyfe ſcho wont a Man ſhe gat
Of thee, quhen that thou was weil brankit,
And ſcho gat but ane Cur Knakat,
A foul Taid Carle, all Tailzior ſhankit,
For Clais that thou miſmade and mankit,
Thou dar not dwell wher thou was born;
Zet afterwart thou ſall be hankit
Betwixt *Kirkaldy* and *Kingorne*.

Quod STEWART.

BETWIX twa Tods a crawing Cok,
Betwix twa Friers a Maid in her Smok,
Betwix twa Cats a Mous,
Betwix twa Taylziors a Lous;
Schaw me, gude Sir, not as a Stranger,
Quhilk of thir Fours in griteſt Danger?

ANSWER.

FOXIS ar fell at crawing Cokis,
Friers ar fers at Maids in thair Smoks,
Cats ar cautelus in taking Myce,
Tailziors ar Tyrrans in killing Lyce.

A

A BALLAT made to the Scorn and Deriſion of wanton Women.

I.

ZE luſty Ladyis, luke
The rackles Lyves ze leid,
Haunt nocht in Hole or Nuke,
To hurt zour Womanheid;
I red, for beſt Remeid,
Forbeir all Place prophane;
Gif this be Cauſe of Feid,
I ſall not ſayt again.

II.

QUHAT is ſic Luve but Luſt,
A lytill for Delyte,
To hant that Game robuſt,
And beiſtly Apetyte;

I now

I nowther fleich nor flyte;
But Veritie tell plain;
Tak ye this in Despyte,
I sall not sayt again.

III.

The wyseſt Scho may sone
Seducit be and schent,
Syne frae the Deid be done,
Perchance sall sair repent;
Ower late is to lament,
Frae Belly dow not lane,
Therfor in Tyme tak tent;
I sall not sayt again.

IV.

Licht Wenches Luve will sawin,
Evin lyke a *Spanzeolis* Lauchter,
To * * *
Be them, list Geir bechaucht hir;
For Conzie ze may caucht hir,
To * * *
And nevir speir quhais aucht hir;
I sall not sayt again.

V. Thocht

V.

THOCHT bruckle Women hants
In Luſt to leid thair Lyvis,
And Widdow Men that wants
To ſteil a Pair of wyvis;
But quhere that marriet Wyvis
Gaes by thair Husbands Bane,
That Houſhald nevir thryvis,
I ſayt, and ſayt again.

VI.

IT ſets not Maidens als
To let Men lowſe thair Lace,
Nor clym about Mens Hals,
To clap, to kiſs, and brace,
Nor round in ſecret Place;
Sic Treatment is a Train
To cleave thair Quaver-Caſe,
And breid them Dule and Pain.

VII.

FAREWEIL with Cheſtetie,
Frae Wenchis fall a Chucking,
Thair follows Things thre,
To gar them gae a Gucking,

Imbracing,

Imbracing, Tigging, Plucking;
Thir foure the Suth to ſane,
Enforſis them * * *
I ſall not ſayt again.

VIII.

Sum lykes new cum to Toun,
With Jeigs to mak them joly,
Sum lykes danſs up and doun,
To mieſs thair Melancholy;
Sum lykes Sang, troly loly,
And ſum of rigging fain;
Lyk Fillocks full of Foly,
With litle Gier thair ain.

IX.

Sum Mune-brunt Maidens myld,
At None-tyde of the Nicht,
Are chapit up with Chyld,
Bot Coal or Candle-licht;

Sua

Enforſis them * * * 'Tis not impoſſible but a complete Copy of this old Ballad may be found to ſupply theſe few Blanks.

Sua ſum ſaid, Mayds has Slicht
To play, and tak nae Pane,
Syne ſchift thair ſells frae Sicht,
I ſall not ſayt again.

X.

Sum thinks nae Schame to clap
And kiſs in open Ways;
Sum cannot keip her ap
Frae lanſing, as ſcho lyes;
Sum goes ſae gymp in Gyſe,
Or ſcho war kiſsd, but plain,
Scho leur be married thryis,
And thre Tymes, thryis again.

XI.

Maik Gentrice is to jot
Undir a Silkin Goun,
Than with quhyt Pettycot
And redyar ay boun,
The denkeſt ſoneſt doun,
The faireſt but refrain,
The gayeſt greateſt Loun,
But dinna tellt again.

XII. The

XII.

THE moir degeſt and grave,
The grydiar * * *
The nyceſt to reſſave
Upon thair * * *
The quhytlieſt will quhipit,
And nocht thair * * *
The leſs, the larger hippit;
I ſhall not ſayt again.

XIII.

Lo Ladyis gif this be,
A gude Counſale I geife zou,
To ſave zour Honeſtie,
Frae Sklander to releiſe zou;
But Ballatts mae to breif zou,
I will not break my Brain,
Suppoſe ze ſould miſcheive you,
I ſall not ſayt again.

Quod SCOTT.

On

On the Uncertainty of Life and Fear of Death, or a Lament for the Loſs of the Poets.

I.

OUR Pleaſance heir is all vain Glory,
This Warld falſe but tranſatory;
The Fleſh is bruckle, the Feynd is ſlie,
Timor mortis conturbat me.

II.

THE State of Man dois change and vary,
Now ſound, now ſeik, now blyth, now ſary,
Now danſand merry, now lyk to die,
Timor mortis conturbat me.

III.

NO State in all the Eard ſtands ſicker,
But as the Weſt-Wind wavis the wicker,
Sae wanes this warldly Vanity,
Timor mortis, &c.

IV.

DOUN to the Death gois all Eſtates,
Princes, Prelates and Potentates,
Baith rich and pure of all Degree,
Timor, &c.

V.

HE taks the Knichts into the Feild,
Enarmed under Helm and Sheild,
He Victor is at all mellie,
Timor, &c.

VI.

THAT ſtrang invynſable Tyrrand
Taks, on the Muthers Breiſt ſuckand,
The Babe, full of Benignitie,
Timor, &c.

VII.

HE taks the Campion in the Stour,
The Captain cloſd within the Towir,
The Lady in Bowre, full of Bewtie,
Timor, &c.

VIII.

He ſpares no Lord for his Puſiance,
Nor Clerk for his Intelligence;
His awfull Strake may no Man flee,
Timor, &c.

IX.

Art Magicians and Aſtrologs,
Rethoris, Logitians, Theologs,
Get Help frae nae Concluſions flee,
Timor, &c.

X.

In Medecyne the moſt Practitians,
Leiches, Surrigians and Phefitians,
Themſelves frae Death may not ſupplie,
Timor, &c.

XI.

I ſee the Makkars, mang the laif,
Plays here thair Padzians, ſyne gois to Graif;
Nor ſpairt is thair ſweit Facultie,
Timor, &c.

XII.

HE has done petouſly devore,
The nobil * *Chawſer* of Makkars Flowir,
The *Monk of Berry* and *Gower* all thre,
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XIII.

THE gude Sr *Hew* of *Eglintoun*,
Etrick, *Heriot* and *Winton*,
He has tane out of this Countrey,
Timor, &c.

XIV.

THAT Scorpion fell has done inſek,
Maiſter *John Clerk* and *James Affleck*,
Frae Ballat making and Tragedy,
Timor, &c.

XV. HO-

* 'Tis worthy of Notice how generouſly Mr. *Dunbar* pays his Reſpects to the Memory of the renowned *Chaucer*, *Gower* and *Lidgate*, before he names his own Country Poets.

XV.

Roland and *Barbor* he has bereft,
Allace! that he not with us left
Sr *Mungo Lockhart* of the *Lie*,
Timor mortis conturbat me,

XVI.

Clerk of *Tranent* eik he has tane,
That made the Aventers of Sir *Gawane*,
Sir *Gilbert Gray* endit has he,
Timor, &c.

XVII.

He has *Blind Hary* and *Sandy Trail*
Slain with his Shot of mortall Hail,
Quhilk *Patrick Johnſon* micht not flie,
Timor, &c.

XVIII.

He has reft *Merſar* his Indyte,
That did in Luve ſo lyflie wryte,
So ſchort, ſo quick, of Sentens hie,
Timor, &c.

XIX.

He has tane *Rowl* of *Aberdene*,
And gentle *Rowl* of *Corſtorphyne*;
Twa bettir Fallows did no Man ſie,
Timor mortis conturbat me.

XX.

In *Dumfermling* he has tane *Broun*,
With gude Mr. *Robert Henryſon*;
Sr *John the Roſs* imbraſt has he,
Timor, &c.

XXI.

And he has now tane, laſt of aw,
The gentle *Stobo* and *Quintene Schaw*,
Of quhome all Wichtis has grit Pitie,
Timor, &c.

XXII.

And Mr. *Walter Kennedy*
In Poynt of Death lyes werely;
Grit Rewth it wer that ſo ſould be,
Timor, &c.

XXIII. Sen

XXIII.

SEN he has all my Brethren tane,
He will not let me leive alane;
On Forſs I maun his nixt Prey be,
Timor, &c.

XXIV.

SEN for the Death Remeid is none,
Beſt is that we for Death diſpone;
Aftir our Death, that live may we,
Timor mortis conturbat me.

POSTSCRIPT.

XXV.

SUTHE I forſie, if Spae-craft had,
Frae Hethir-Muirs ſall ryſe a LAD,
Aftir twa Centries pas, ſall he
Revive our Fame and Memorie.

XXVI.

THEN ſall we flouriſh EVIR GREENE;
All Thanks to carefull *Bannantyne*,
And to the * PATRON kind and frie,
Quha lends the LAD baith them and me.

XXVII.

FAR ſall we fare, baith Eiſt and Weſt,
Owre ilka Clyme by *Scots* poſſeſt;
Then ſen our Warks ſall nevir die,
Timor mortis non turbat me.

Quod DUNBAR.

---

* *Patron*, Mr. *William Carmichael*, Brother to the Earl of *Hyndford*, who lent A. R. that curious MSS. collected by Mr. *George Bannantyne*, *Anno* 1568, from whence theſe Poems are printed.

The WIFE of Auchtermuchty.

I.

IN *Auchtermuchty* dwelt a Man,
An Husband, as I heard it tawld,
Quha weil coud tipple out a Can,
And nowther luvit Hurdgir nor Cauld,
Till anes it fell upon a Day,
He zokit his Plewch upon the Plain;
But ſchort the Storm wald let him ſtay,
Sair blew the Day with Wind and Rain.

II.

HE lowſd the Plewch at the Lands End,
And draife his Owſen hame at Ene;
Quhen he came in he blinkit ben,
And ſaw his *Wyfe* baith dry and clene,
Set beikand by a Fyre full bauld,
Suppand fat Sowp, as I heard ſay:
The Man being weary, wet and cauld,
Betwein thir twa it was nae Play.

III. QUOD

III.

Quod he, quhair is my Horſes Corn,
My Owſen has nae Hay nor Strae,
Dame, ye maun to the Plewch the Morn,
I ſall be Huſſy gif I may.
This Seid-time it proves cauld and bad,
And ze ſit warm, nae Troubles ſe;
The Morn ze ſall gae with the Lad,
And ſyne zeil ken what Drinkers drie.

IV.

Gudeman, quod ſcho, content am I,
To tak the Plewch my Day about,
Sae ye rule weil the Kaves and Ky,
And all the Houſe baith in and out:
And now ſen ze haif made the Law,
Then gyde all richt and do not break;
They ſicker raid that neir did faw,
Therefore let naithing be neglect.

V.

But ſen ye will Huſſyskep ken,
Firſt ye maun ſift and ſyne ſall kned;
And ay as ze gang butt and ben,
Luke that the Bairns dryt not the Bed:

And

And lay a ſaft Wyſp to the Kiln,
We baif a dear Farm on our Heid;
And ay as ze gang forth and in,
Keip weil the Gaiſlings frae the Gled.

VI.

The Wyfe was up richt late at Ene,
I pray Luck gife her ill to fair,
Scho kirn'd the Kirn, and skuimt it clene,
Left the Gudeman but bledoch bair:
Then in the Morning up ſcho gat;
And on hir Heart laid hir Diſhine,
And pat as mekle in hir Lap,
As micht haif ſerd them baith at Nune.

VII.

Says, *Jok*, be thou Maiſter of Wark,
And thou ſall had, and I ſal ka,
Iſe promiſe thee a gude new Sark,
Either of round Claith or of ſma.
Scho lowſt the Ouſen aught or nyne,
And hynt a Gad-ſtaff in her Hand:
Up the *Gudeman* raiſe aftir ſyne,
And ſaw the *Wyfe* had done Command.

VIII.

He draif the Gaiſlings forth to feid,
Thair was but ſevenſum of them aw,
And by thair comes the greidy Gled,
And lickt up five, left him but twa:
Then out he ran in all his Mane,
How ſune he hard the Gaiſlings cry;
But than or he came in again,
The Kaves brak louſe and ſuckt the Ky.

IX.

The Kaves and Ky met in the Loan,
The Man ran with a Rung to red,
Than by came an illwilly Roan,
And brodit his Buttoks till they bled:
Syne up he tuke a Rok of Tow,
And he ſat down to ſey the Spinning;
He loutit doun our neir the Low,
Quod he this Wark has ill Beginning.

X.

The Leam up throu the Lum did flow,
The Sute tuke Fyre it flyed him than,
Sum Lumps did fall and burn his Pow;
I wat he was a dirty Man:

Zit he gat Water in a Pan,
Quherwith he ſlokend out the Fyre:
To ſoup the Houſe he fyne began,
To had all richt was his Deſyre.

XI.

Hynd to the Kirn then did he ſtoure,
And jumblit at it till he ſwat,
Quhen he had rumblit a full lang Hour,
The Sorrow crap of Butter he gat;
Albeit nae Butter he could get,
Zit he was cummert with the Kirn,
And ſyne he het the Milk ſae het,
That ill a Spark of it wad zyrne.

XII.

Then ben thair cam a greidy Sow,
I trow he cund hir litle Thank:
For in ſcho ſhot hir mekle Mow,
And ay ſcho winkit, and ay ſcho drank:
He tuke the Kirnſtaff be the Schank,
And thocht to reik the Sow a Rout,
The twa left Gaiſlings gat a Clank,
That Straik dang baith thair Harns out.

XIII. Then

XIII.

THEN he bure Kendling to the Kill,
But ſcho ſtart all up in a Low,
Quhat eir he heard what eir he ſaw,
That Day he had nae Will to * *
Then he zied to take up the Bairns,
Thocht to have fund them fair and clene;
The firſt that he gat in his Arms,
Was a bedirtin to the Ene.

XIV.

THE firſt it ſmellt ſae ſappylie,
To touch the lave he did not grein:
The Deil cut aff thair Hands, quoth he,
That cramd zour Kytes ſae ſtrute zeſtrein.
He traild the foul Sheits down the Gate,
Thocht to haif wuſh them on a Stane,
The Burn was riſen grit of Spait,
Away frae him the Sheits has tane.

XV.

THEN up he gat on a Know-heid,
On hir to cry, on hir to ſchout:
Scho hard him, and ſcho hard him not,
But ſtourly ſtirrd the Stots about.

Scho

Scho draif the Day unto the Nicht,
Scho lowſt the Plewch, and ſyne came hame;
Scho fand all wrang that ſould bene richt,
I trow the Man thocht mekle Schame.

XVI.

Quoth he, my Office I forſake,
For all the hale Days of my Lyfe;
For I wald put a Houſe to Wraik,
Had I been twenty Days Gudewyfe.
Quoth ſcho, weil mot ze bruke your Place,
For truely I ſall neir accept it;
Quoth he, Feynd ſa the Lyars Face,
But zit ze may be blyth to get it.

XVII.

Then up ſcho gat a mekle Rung;
And the Gudeman made to the Dore,
Quoth he, Dame, I ſal hald my Tung,
For and we fecht I'll get the war:
Quoth he, when I forſuke my Plewch,
I trow I but forſuke my Skill:
Then I will to my Plewch again;
For I and this Houſe will nevir do weil.

Quod Moffat.

THE

The Borrowſtoun Mous, and the Land-wart Mous.

I.

EASOP relates a Tale weil worth Renown,
Of twa wie Myce, and they war Sifters deir;
Of quhom the Elder dwelt in Borrowſtoun,
The Zunger ſcho wond upon Land weil neir;
Richt ſolitair beneth the Buſs and Breir,
Quhyle on the Corns and Wraith of labouring Men,
As Outlaws do, ſcho maid an eaſy Fen.

II.

THE Rural Mous, unto the Winter-tyde,
Thold Cauld and Hunger aft, and grit Diſtreſs:
The uther Mous that in the Burgh can byde,
Was Gilt-bruther, and made a frie Burges,
Tol frie, and without Cuſtom mair or leſs,
And Friedom had to gae quhair eir ſcho liſt,
Amang the Cheis and Meil in Ark or Kiſt.

III. ANE

III.

At Tyme when ſcho was full, and on Fute fair,
Scho tuke in Mynd her Sifter up-on-Land,
And langt to ken her Weilfair and her Cheir,
And ſe quhat Lyf ſcho led under the Wand:
Bare-fute alane, with Pykſtaff in her Hand,
As Pilgrim pure ſcho paſt out of the Toun
To ſeik her Sifter, baith in Dale and Doun.

IV.

Throw mony wilſum Ways then couth ſcho walk,
Throw Mure and Moſs throwout Bank, Busk and Breir,
Frae Fur to Fur, cryand frae Balk to Balk,
Cum furth to me, my awin ſweit Siſter deir,
Cry, peip anes, ---- with that the Mous couth heir,
And knew her Voce, as kindly Kinſmen will,
Scho hard with Joy, and furth ſcho came her till.

V.

Thair hearty Cheir was pleſand to be ſene,
Quhen thir twa Sifters kind with Blythneſs met,
Quhilk aften Syſs was ſhawin them twa betweins;
For quhyls they leuch, and quhyls for Joy they grat,
Quhyls ſweitly kiſt, and quhyls in Arms they plet:

And thus they fure, till ſobirt was thair Meid,
Syne Eite for Eute they to thair Chalmer zeid.

VI.

As I hard ſay, it was a ſemple Wane
Of Fog and Fern, full feckleſly was maid,
A ſilly Sheil, under a Eard-faſt Stane,
Of quhilk the Entrie was not hie nor braid;
Into the ſame they went bot mair abaid,
Withouten Fyre or Candle birnand bricht,
For commonly ſic Pykers luves not Licht.

VII.

Quhen thus wer lugit thir twa ſilly Myce,
The zungeſt Siſter to her Butrie hyed,
And brocht furth Nuts and Peis inſteid of Spyce,
And ſic plain Cheir as ſcho had her beſyde:
The Burges Mous ſae dynk and full of Pryde,
Sayd, Siſter myne, Is this zour daylie Fude?
Quhy not, quod ſcho, think ze this Meſs not gude?

VIII.

Na, be my Saul, methink it but a Scorn;
Madame, quod ſcho, ye be the mair to blame:
My Moder ſaid, afür that we wer born,
That ze and I lay baith within her Wame;
I keip the richt auld Cuſtom of my Dame

And

And of my Syre, — livand in Povertie,
For Landis and Rents nane is our Propertie.

IX.

My Sister fair, quod Echo, haif me excuss,
This Dyet rude and I can neir accord;
With tender Meit my Stomock still is ust,
For quhy; I fair as weil as ony Lord:
Thir withert Nuts and Peis, or they be bord,
Will brek my Chafts; and mak my Teith full sklender,
Quhilk has bein ust before to Meit mair tender.

X.

Wair Sister, weil then, quoth the rural Mous,
Gif that ze pleis sic Things as ze se heir,
Baith Meit and Drink, and Herbourey and Hous,
Sall be your awin, will ze remain all Zeir,
Ze sall it haif with blyth and hairtly Cheir,
And that sould mak the Messes that ar rude,
Still amang Freinds richt tender, sweit and gude.

XI.

QUHAT Pleſans is in Feiſts mair dilicate,
The quhilk ar given with a gloumand Brow;
A gentle Heart is better recreate
With Uſage blyth, than ſeith to him a Cow;
Ane *Modicum* is better, zeill allow,
Sae that Gude-will be Carver at the Deſs,
Than a thrawn Vult, and mony a ſpycie Meſs.

XII.

FOR all this moral Doctrine, tight and ſoun,
The Burges Mous had little Will to ſing,
But hevely ſcho keſt her Viſage doun,
For all the Daintys ſcho couth till her bring;
Zit at the laſt ſcho ſaid, half in hie thing,
Siſter this Vittell and zour Royal Feiſt
May weil ſuffice for ſic a rural Beiſt.

XIII.

LET be this Hole, and cum unto my Place,
I ſall zou ſchaw, by gude Experience,
That my *Gude-Frydays* better than zour *Paſe*,
And a Diſh licking worth zour hale Expence;
Houſes I haif enow of grit Defence,
Of Cat, nor Fall, nor Trap, I haif nae Dreid:
This ſaid,—that was convinced,—and furth they zeid.

XIV. In

XIV.

In Skugry ay throw rankeſt Gras and Corn,
And Wonder ſlie full prively they creip;
The eldeſt was the Gyde, and went beforn,
The zunger to her Futeſteps tuke gude keip;
On Nicht they ran, and on the Day did ſleip,
Till on a Morning, or the Lavrock ſang,
They fand the Toun, and blythly in couth gang.

XV.

Not far frae thyne, on till a worthy Wane,
This Burges brocht them ſune quhair they ſould be,
Without God-ſpeid, — thair Herboury was tane
Intill a Spence, wher Vittell was Plenty,
Baith Cheis and Butter on lang Skelfs richt hie,
With Fiſh and Fleſh enough baith freſh and ſalt,
And Pokks full of Grots, Barlie, Meil and Malt.

XVI.

Quhen afterwart they wer diſpoſd to dyne,
Withouten Grace they wuſh and went to meit,
On every Diſh that Cuikmen can divyne,
Muttone and Beif cut out in Telzies grit,
Ane Erles Fair thus can they counterfitt,
Exept ane Thing, — they drank the Watter cleir
Inſteid of Wyne, but zit they made gude Cheir.

XVII.

WITH blyth Upcast and merry Countenance,
The elder Sister then speird at her Gest,
Gif that scho thocht be Reson Differance
Betwixt that Chalmer and her fary Nest;
Zea Dame, quoth scho? but how lang will this lest?
For evermair I wate, and langer to;
Gif that be trew, ze ar at Rise, quoth scho.

XVIII.

TO eik the Cheir, in Plenty furth scho brocht
A Plate of Grots, and a large Dish of Meil,
A Threfe of Caiks, I trow scho spairt them nocht,
Abundantlie about her did scho deil;
Furmage full fyne scho brocht insteid of Geil,
A Candle quhyte out of a Coffer staw,
Insteid of Spyce, to creish thair Teith with a.

XIX.

THUS made they mirry, quhyle they micht nae mair,
And hail *Zule!* hail! they all cryt up on hie;
But after Joy ther aftentymes comes Cair,
And Trouble after grit Prosperitie:
Thus as they sat in all thair Solitie,
The Spens came on them with Keis in his Hand,
Apent the Dore, and them at Dinner fand.

XX. THEY

XX.

THEY tarriet not to waith, ze may ſuppoſe,
But aff they ran, quha micht the formoſt win;
The Burges had a Hole, and in ſcho gaes,
Her Sifter had nae Place to hyde her in,
To ſe that filly Mous it was grit Sin,
Sae diſmait and will of all gude reid,
For very Feir ſchio fell in Swoun, neir deid.

XXI.

BUT as *Jove* wald, it fell a happy Caſe,
The Spenſar had nae Laiſar lang to byde,
Nowthir to forge, to ſeik, nor skar, nor cheſe,
But on he went, and reſt the Dore upwyde;
This Burges then his Paſage weil has ſpyd,
Out of her Hole ſcho came, and cryt on hie,
How! Sifter fair, cry, peip, quhair eir thou be.

XXII.

THE Landwart Mous lay flatlings on the Ground,
And for the Deid ſcho was full fair dreidand,
For to her Heirt ſtrak mony a waefull Stound,
As in a Fever trymblit ſcho Fute and Hand;
And when her Sifter in ſic Plicht her fand,
For very Pitie ſcho began to greit;
Syne Comfort gaif, with Words as Hony ſweit,

XXIII.

QUHY ly ze thus? Ryſe up my Siſter deir,
Cum to zour Meit, this Perell is owre paſt;
The uther anſwert, with a hevy Cheir,
I may nocht eit, ſae ſair I am agaſt:
I lever had this fourtie lang Days faſt,
With Watter Kail, and gnaw dry Beins and Peis,
Then haif zour Feiſt with this Dreid and Waneiſe.

XXIV.

WITH Tretie fair, at laſt, ſcho gart her ryſe,
To Burde they went, and doun togither ſat;
But ſkantly had they drunken anes or twyce,
Quhen in came Hunter *Gib*, the joly Cat,
And bad God-ſpeid. —— The Burges up ſcho gat,
And till her Hole ſcho fled lyk Fyre frae Flint;
But Badrans be the Back the uther hint.

XXV.

FRAE Fute to Fute he keſt her to and frae,
Quhyls up, quhyls doun, als tait as ony Kid;
Quhyls wald he let her ryn beneth the Strae,
Quhyls wald he wink and play with her Buk-hid:
Thus to the ſilly Mous grit Harm he did;
Till at the laſt, throw fair Fortune and Hap,
Betwixt the Dreſſour and the Wall ſcho crap.

XXVI. SYNE

XXVI.

Syne up in haſte behind the Pannaling,
Sae hie ſcho clam, that *Gibby* might not get her,
And be the Cluks ſae craftylie can hing,
Till he was gane, her Cheir was all the better.
Syne down ſcho lap, quhen ther was nane to let her,
Then on the Burges Mous alloud did cry,
Siſter fairweil, heir I thy Feiſt defy.

XXVII.

Wer I anes in the Cot that I cam frae,
For Weil nor Wae I ſould neir cum again.
With that ſcho tuke her Leif, and furth can gae,
Quhyles throw the Riggs of Corn, quhyles owre the Plain,
Quhen ſcho was furth and frie, her Heart was fain,
And merrylie ſhe linkit owre the Mure,
Needleſs to tell how afterwart ſcho fure.

XXVIII.

But this in ſchort ſhe reikt her eiſy Den,
As warm as on ſuppoſe it was not grit,
Full beinly ſtuffit it was baith butt and ben,
With Peis, and Nuts, and Beins, and Ry and Quheit,
When eit ſcho lykt ſcho had eneuch of Meit,

In

In Eise and Quiet, withouten Sturt and Dreid,
But till her Sister's Feist nae mair sho reid.

The MORALITIE.

XXIX.

HERE ze may find, my Freinds, gif ze tak Heid
Unto this Fable a gude Moralitie,
As Fitches minglit are with noble Seid,
Sae interwoven is Adversitie
With eardly Joy, so that nae State is free,
Withoutten Trouble and aft grit Vexation,
And namelie thay that wrestle up maist hie,
And not contentit ar of small Possession.

XXX.

BLISSIT be symple Lyfe, withoutten Dreid,
Blissit be sober Feist in Quietie;
Quha has eneuch of nae mair has he Neid,
Thocht it be litle into Quantitie,

Aboun-

Aboundance grit and blind Prosperitie
Maks aftentymes a very ill Conclusion:
The sweitest Lyfe therefore in this Countrie
Is Sickerness and Peace with small Possesion.

XXXI.

O wanton Man, quhilk uses ay to feid
Thy Wame, and maks it maist thy God to be,
Luke to thy self I warn thee weil on Deid;
For the Cat cums, and to the Mous has Ee,
Quhat does avail thy Feist and Ryelty,
With dreidfull Hairt, and endless Tribulation:
Therefore best Thing on Eard, I say for me,
It is a merry Mynd and small Possesion.

XXXII.

Freind, thy awin Fyre, thocht it be but ane Gleid,
Will warm the weil, and is worth Gold to thee;
And *Salamon* the Sage, says (gif ze reid)
Under the Hevin I can nocht better se,
Than ay be blyth, and leif in Honestie.
Quhairfore I may conclude me with this Reason,
Of Eardly Bliss it beirs the best Degree,
Blythness of Hairt in Peace with small Possesion.

Quod Mr. R. Henryson.

A D-

ADVICE to his young KING,

I,

PRECELAND Prince, haiffing Prerogatyve,
Of Royal Richt in this Region to ring,
I thee beſeik againſt thy Luſt to ſtryve,
And luve thy GOD aboif all uther Thing,
And him implore now in thy Zeirs zing
To grant thee Grace thy Subjects to defend,
Quhilk he has given to thee in governing
In Peice and Honour to thy Lyves End.

II,

AND ſen thou ſtands in ſic a tender Age,
That Nature zit to thee Wiſdome denys;
Therefore ſubmit unto thy Council ſage,
And in all Manner work as they devyſe:

But ower all Things keip thee frae Covetyſe,
To princely Honour gif thou wald pretend,
Be liberal ay, then ſall thy Fame upryſe,
And win thee Honour to thy Lyfes End.

III.

Gif that thou gives dilyver quhen thou hechts,
And nevir let thy Hand thy Hecht delay;
For then thy Hecht and thy Diliverance fechts,
Far bettir war thy Hecht had biden away;
He awis me nocht that ſchortly ſays me nay;
But he that hechts, and cauſes me attend,
Syne gives me not, I may repute him ay,
Ane untrue Dettor to my Lyves End.

IV.

Better is the Gut in Feit, than Cramp in Hands,
The Falt of Feit with Horſe thou may ſupport;
But quhen thy Hands are bundin up with Bands,
Nae Surrigiane may cure them, nor Comfort;
But thou them open payntit as a Port,
And freily give ſic Gudes as God dois ſend,
Then may they mend within a Seaſon ſchort,
And win the Honnour to thy Lyfes End.

V. Give

V.

Give every Man aftir his Faculty,
And with Diſcration ſtill diſpone thy Geir:
Give not to Fules, and cunning Men ower ſlie,
Tho Fules ſtild roun and ſtartir in thine Eir,
Give not to them that dois thy Saws ſpeir,
Give to them that are true and conſtant kend;
Then owet all quhair thy Fame they ſall forthbeir,
And win the Honnour to thy Lyves laſt End.

VI.

Sen thou art Heid, thy Leiges Members all,
Given by God unto thy Governance,
Luke that thou rule the Rute originall,
That throw thy Falt no Limb make other Grivance:
For quha cannot himſelf gyde and advance?
Quhy ſuld a Provence upon him depend,
To gyde gimſelf that has nae Purveance,
With Peice and Honnour to his Lyves laſt End?

VII.

Drede GOD, do Councel, of thy Leiges leil
Reward gude Deid, puniſh all Wrang and Vyce,
Thoch that thy Saw be ſicker as thy Seil,
Flemſe Frawd and be Deffender of Juſtice.

Ho-

Honour all Time thy noble Genterice,
Obey the Kirk; gif thou dois miſt, amend,
Sae ſall thou win a Place in Paradyce,
And mak an Eard an honnourable End.

Quod HEN. STEWART.

ON CONSCIENS.

I.

QUHEN Doctors preicht to win the Joy eternal,
Into the Heavens, afür our LORDS Aſcens
They Juſtice taught but Bud or Favour carnal,
And cauſt be punisht ſtrictly vyl Offens,
Gave Benifice to Clerks of *CONSCIENS*;
And ſae the Feynd had ſic Envy thereon,
Away he gart frae *Conſcions* ſcrape the *Con*,
And then behind was only left *Sciens*.

H. THE

II.

THEN were all Clerks for *Sciens* ſithe promovit,
And them that wald to Study maiſt apply:
But zit the Feynd at *Sciens* was comuvit,
And gart frae *Sciens* ſcrape away the *Sci.*
Sae only *Ens* was left by his ſlie Envy,
Quhilk ay ſuld be for Gold and Geir exponit;
Quhairby Benifices are now diſpont
Bot *Conſciens* or *Sciens* to ſell and buy.

III.

O Sovraign LORD, and maiſt excellent King,
Gar put the *Con* and *Sci* again to *Ens,*
And rule thy Realm with Juſtice in thy Ring;
Give Benifice to Clerks of *Conſciens,*
With Truth and Honour to ſtand thy Defens:
Sae in thy Court that *Conſciens* be clene,
For vyle Corruption or thy Days has bene,
Againſt Juſtice, with uthir great Offens.

Quod STEWART.

On

On the CREATION, and PARADYCE loſt.

I.

GOD by his Word his Wark began;
To form this Erth and Hevin for Man;
The Sie and Watter deip;
The Sun, the Mune and Stars ſae bricht,
The Day devydit from the Nicht,
Thair Courſes juſt to keip;
The Beiſts that on the Grund do muve;
And Fiſhes in the Sie;
Fowls in the Air to flie abuve,
Of ilk Kind formed HE:
Sum creiping, ſum fleiting,
Sum fleing in the Air,
Sae heichly, ſae lichtly,
In muving heir and thair.

II.

THIR Warks of gret Magnificence,
Perfytit by His Providence,
According to His Will:
Nixt He made Man; To gife him Glore,
Did with His Image him decore,
Gaife Paradyſe him till;
Into that Garden hevinly wrocht,
With Pleaſures mony a one,
The Beiſts of every Kynd wer brocht,
Thair Names he ſuld expone;
Theſe kenning and nameing,
As them he liſt to call,
For eiſing and pleiſing
Of Man, ſubdued them all.

III.

IN heavenly Joy Man ſae poſſeſt,
To be alane GOD thocht not beſt,
Made *Eve* to be his Maik;
Bad them increaſs and multiplie,
And of the Fruit frae every Tree
Thair Pleaſure they ſuld take,

Except

Except the Tree of Gude and Ill
That in the Midſt dois ſtand,
Forbad that they ſuld cum thertill,
Or twitch it with thair Hand;
Leſt luking and plucking,
Baith they and all thair Seid,
Severlly, awſteirly,
Suld die without Remeid.

IV.

Now *Adam* and his luſty *Wyfe*
In Paradyce leidand thair Lyfe,
With Pleaſures infineit;
Wanting nae thing ſuld do them Eaſe,
The Beiſts obeying them to pleiſe,
As they could wiſh in Spreit:
Behald the Serpent ſullenlie
Envyand Mans Eſtate,
With wicket Craft and Subtiltie
Eve temptit with Deſait;
Nocht feiring, but ſpeiring,
Quhy ſchó tuke not her till,
In uſing and chuſing
The Fruit of Gude and Ill?

V.

COMMANDIT us, ſcho ſaid, the LORD,
Noways therto we ſuld accord,
Undir eternall Pain;
But grantit us full Libertie
To eit the Fruit of every Tree,
Except that Tree in plain.
No, no, nocht ſae, the Serpent ſaid,
Thou art deſaifet therin;
Eit ze therof, ze ſall be made
In Knawledge lyke to him,
In ſeiming and deiming
Of every thing aricht,
As dewlie, as trewly,
As ze wer Gods of Micht.

VI.

EVE thus with theſe fals Words allurit,
Eit of the Fruit, and ſyne procurit
Adam the ſame to play:
Behald, ſaid ſcho, how precious,
Sae dilicate and delicious,
Beſyde Knawlege for ay;

Adam

Adam puſt up in warldly Glore,
Ambition and high Pryd,
Eit of the Fruit; allace therfore,
And ſae they baith did flyd;
Neglecting, forzetting
The eternall GODS Command,
Quha ſcurged and purged
Them quyt out of that Land.

VII.

QUHEN they had eiten of that Fruit,
Of Joy then war they deſtitute,
And ſaw thair Bodys bare;
Annon they paſt with all thair Speid,
Of Leives to mak themſelves a Weid,
To cleith them, was thair Care:
During the Tyme of Innocence,
Nae Sin or Schame they knew,
Frae Tyme they gat Experience,
Unto ane Buſs they drew,
Abyding and hyding,
As GOD ſuld not them ſee,
Quha ſpyed, and cryed,
Adam, *quhy hyds thou thee?*

VIII.

I being naikit, LORD, throu Feir,
For Schame I durſt not to compeir,
And ſae I did refuſe:
Had thou not eiten of the Tree,
That Knawledge had not bein in thee,
Nor zit nae ſic Excuſe;
The Helper, LORD, thou gaiſe to me,
Has cawſit me to tranſgreſs,
Sayd ſche, the Serpent ſubtillie,
Perſuadit me nae leſs,
Intreiting, be eiting,
That we ſuld be perfyte,
Me fylit, begylit;
In him lyes all the Wyte.

IX.

JEHOVE that evir juged richt,
Bringing his Juſtice to the Licht,
The Serpent firſt did juge:
Becauſe the Woman thou begylt,
For evir thou ſall be exylt,
Said he, without Refuge;

Betwixt her Seid and thy Offspring
Nae Peace nor Reſt ſall be,
And hir Seid ſall thy Heid doun thring,
For all thy Subtiltie;
Abhorred, deformed,
Thou on thy Breiſt ſall gang,
In feiding and leiding
Thy Lyfe the Beiſts amang.

X.

The Woman nixt, for her Offence,
Did of the Lord reſave Sentence,
Her Sorrow ſuld encreaſe,
With Wae and Pain her Childrene beir,
Subdewt to Man, under his Feir,
No Libertie poſſeſs:
For *Adams* Falt he curſd the Erth,
That barrane it ſuld be,
Without Labour ſuld zield nae Birth
Of Corns, nor Herb, nor Tree;
Bot working and irking
For evir ſuld remain,
And being in deing,
In Erth returnd again.

XI.

O cruel Serpent venemóus,
Diſpytfull and ſeditious,
The Grund of all our Care;
Thou fals-bound Slave unto the Devill,
Thou firſt Inventar of this Evill
Of Bliſs, quhilk made us bare;
O devliſh Slave, did thou believe,
Or hou had thou ſic Grace,
Therby for evir thou micht live
Abuve into that Place:
Thy Grudging gat Scrudging,
And ſae GOD lute the ſe,
Deſavers no Cravers
Of His Reward ſuld be.

XII.

O dainty Dame, with Eirs bent
That harkent to that fals Serpent,
Thy Bains we may ſair ban;
Without Excuſe thou art to blame,
Thou juſtly has obtaint that Name,
The very *Wo of Man*:

With

With Teirs we may bewail and greit
That wickit Tyme and Tyde,
Quhen *Adam* was obligit to ſleip,
And thou tane off his Syde.
No Sleiping bot Weiping
Thy Scid hes fund ſenſyne,
Thy Eiting and Sweiting,
Is turn'd to Wo and Pyn.

XIII.

ADAM, thy Part, quha can excuſe,
With Knawlege thou that did abuſe
Thyne awn Felicitie.
The Serpent his inventing fals,
The Womans ſune conſenting als,
Was nocht ſae wickedly,
God did prefer thee to this Day,
And them ſubdewt to thee,
Sae all that they culd mein or ſay,
Suld not have moved thee
To brecking, abjecting
That hie Command of Lyfe
Quhilk gydid, provydit
The ay to live bot Stryf.

XIV.

BEHALD the State that Man was in,
And als how it he tynt throw Sin,
And loſt the ſame for ay;
Zet GOD his Promiſe dois perform,
Sent his Son of the Virgin born,
Our Ranſome deir to pay.
To that great GOD let us give Glore,
To us has bein ſae gude,
Quha be his Grace did us reſtore,
Quherof we were denude;
Not careing nor ſparing
His Body to be rent,
Redeiming, releiving
Us quhen we wer all ſchent.

Quod Sir RICH^d. MAITLAND
of *Lethingtoun*, K^nt.

The Devils Advice to all and ſundry of his beſt Friends.

I.

THis Nicht in Sleip I was agaſt,
Methocht the Deil was tempand faſt
People with Aiths of Crueltie,
Sayand as throw the Fair he paſt,
Renunce zour God, and cum to me.

II.

Methocht as he went forth the Way,
A Preiſt ſweirt braid be God verry,
Quhilk at the Alter reſſavit he:
Thou art my Clerk, the Deil can ſay,
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

III.

Then ſwore a Courtier of grit Pryd,
Be Chryſts Woundis bludy and wyd,
And be his Harmis was rent on Tree;
Then ſpak the Deil hard him beſyd,
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

IV.

A *Merchant* as he Geir did ſell,
Renuncit his Part of Heaven for Hell:
The Deil cryd, Welcome mot thou be,
Thou ſall be Merchand for my ſell,
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

V.

A *Goldſmith* ſaid, This Goldis ſae fyne,
That all the Warkmanſhip I tyne,
The Feind reſſaiſe me, gif I lie.
Think on, quod *Nik*, that thou art myne;
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

VI.

A *Tailzior* ſaid, In all this Town,
Be thair a bettir weil made Gown,
I gife me to the Feynd all frie;
Gramercy Tailzeor, ſaid *Mahoun*,
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

VII.

A *Soutar* ſaid, In gude Effeck,
Nor I be hangit be the Neck,
Gif better Butes of Lether be,
Fy, quoth the Deil, thou ſawrs of Blek,
Gae clenge the clene, and cum to me.

VIII.

A *Baxter* ſaid, I quat with God,
And all his Warks baith even and od,
Gif fyner Stuff ther neids to be.
The Devil leuch, and gae him a Nod,
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

IX.

The *Fleſhour* ſwore be Sacrament,
And be the Blude malſt inocent,
Neir fattir Fleſh Man ſaw with Ee.
The Deil ſaid, Hald on thy Intent,
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

X.

The *Maltman* ſays, I Bliſs forſake,
And may the Deil of Hell me taik,
Give ony better Malt may be,
And of this Kill I haif Inlaik,
Says Sathan, Cum thy Ways to me.

XI.

A *Browſter* ſwore the Malt was ill,
Baith reid and reikit on the Kill,
It will be nae Ale worth a Flie;
A Boll will not ſax Gallons fill:
Mahoun cryis, Cum and muſk with me.

XII. The

XII.

THE *Smith* he ſwore be Rude and Raip,
Intill a Gallows mot I gaip,
Gif I ten Days win Pennies three,
For laik of Ale I Water laip:
Quod *Nic*, Thoull get far les with me.

XIII.

A *Minſtrel* ſaid, the Feynd me ryve,
Gif I do ocht but drink and yve:
The Deil ſaid, Hardly mot it be,
Exerce that Craft throu all thy Lyfe,
And thouill be ſure to cum to me.

XIV.

A *Dycer* bad, with Words of Stryf,
The Deil cum ſtick him with a Knyf;
But he keſt up fair Syces three:
The Deil ſaid, Endit is thy Lyfe,
Renunce thy Creid, and cum to me.

XV.

A *Theif* ſaid, Ill that eir I chaip,
Nor a ſtark Woddy gar me gaip,
But I in Hell for Geir wald be.
The Deil ſaid, Welcom in a Raip,
Gae lift a Cow, and cum to me.

XVI.

THE Fiſh-wyves flet, and ſwore with Granes,
And to *Auld-nick* ſauld Fleſh and Banes,
And gaif them with a Schout on hie.
The Deil cryd, Welcome all attaines,
Sling by zour Creils, and cum to me.

XVII.

METHOCHT the Deils as blak as Pik,
Soliſand were as Beis thick,
Ay tempand Folk with Ways ſlie,
Rounand to *Robin* and to *Dick*,
Renunce zour Creid, and cum to me.

Quod DUNBAR.

THE

THE Claith-Merchant;

Or, a Ballat made on Jonet Reid, Jean Violet, *and* Anna Whyt, *being ſlicht Women, and Taverners.*

I.

OF Collours cleir,
Quha lykes to weir;
Are mony Sorts into this Toun,
Grene, Zellow, Blew,
And ilka Hew,
Baith *Paris* Black, and *Inglis* Broun;
Braw *London* Sky,
Quha lykes to buy,
Colour de Roy is clene laid down,
And *Dunde* Gray
This mony a Day
Is lichtlyt baith be Lad and Loun.

II.

But ſtanch my Fyking,
And ſtryd my Lyking,
Are ſeimly Hews for Simmer Play;
Din dipt in Zellow
For ilka gude fallow,
As *Will* of *Quhyt-hauch* bad me ſay;
I will not deny it
To them that will buy it,
For Silver nane ſall be ſaid nay;
Ze neid not plenze,
It will not ſtenzie,
Suppoſe ye weit it Nicht and Day.

III.

And I have *Quhyt*
Of great Delyt,
And *Violet* quha lykes to weir;
Weil wearand *Reid*
Till ze be dead;
It ſall not failzie, tak ze no Feir.
The *Quhyt* is gude,
And richt weil lued,

But zit the *Reid* is twice as deir:
The *Violet* ſyne,
Baith freſh and fyne,
Sall ſerve ye Hoſeing for a Zeir.

IV.

The *Quhyt* is teuch,
And freſh enouch,
Saft as the Silk, as all Men ſeis.
The *Reid* is bonny,
And ſocht be mony;
They hyve about the Houſe lyke Beis.
My *Violet* ſaft,
Quhen ye have coft,
Will ply lyk Satin to zour Theis;
Sure be my witting
Not burnt in the Litting,
Suppoſe baith Lads and Limmers leis.

V.

Of thir thrie Hews
I haif left Clews,
To be our Court-Men Wintet Weid,
Weill twynt and ſmal,
The beſt of them all
May weir the Claith for Woul and Threid;

But in the Wawk-mill,
The Wedder is ill:
Theſe are not drying Days indeid;
And gif it be wat,
I hecht for that,
It tuggs in Holes and gaes abreid.

VI.

Zit its weil wawkit,
Cardit and cawkit,
As warm a Weid as weir the Dule,
Weil wrocht in Luims,
With Wobſters Guims,
Baith thick and nymble gaes the Spule;
Cottond and ſhorn,
The mair it be worn,
Ze will find zour ſell the greater Fule,
Zit bony forſuith,
Cum buyit in my Buith,
To mak ze Garments againſt Zule.

VII.

Thir mixt togither,
Zour ſell may conſider,

Quhat fyner Colour can there be fund,
And namely for Breiks,
Gif ony Man ſeiks,
Heill purchace the Pair ay for a Pund:
Abeit it be skant,
Nae Wowars ſall want,
That to my bidding will be bund,
Weil may they bruik it,
They neid not luke it,
But grape it Mirklyns be the Grund.

VIII.

Our Court Men heir,
Has made my Claith deir,
Raiſd it Twall-penies of ilka Ell,
Zit is my Claith ſure,
Beſt Sadles to cure,
Suppoſe the hale Seſſion ſhoud ryd themſel:
The *Violet* certain,
Was maid at *Dumbartain*;
The *Reid* was wawkit at *Dunkell*:
The *Quhyt* has bein dicht
In mony mirk Nicht,
But Tyme and Place I cannot weil tell.

IX.

Now gif ye work wylie,
And ſhape it precyſlie;
The Ellwand * * *
Gif the Bys be wyde,
Gar lay it on Syde;
And ſae ze cannot weil gae wrang;
And for the lang Liſt,
It wald be ſewd faſt,
And care not by how deip ze gang;
But want ze quhyt Threid,
Ye will not cum ſpeid,
Black Waluway maun be zour Sang.

X.

And tho it be auld,
And Twenty Tymes ſald,
Zit will the Freprie ot mak ze fain,
With Oyls to renew it,
And mak it weil hewt,
And gar it glans lyk Silk in Grain;

Syne with the ſleik Stains
That ſervis for the Nains,
They raiſe the Pyle quhen it falls plain;
With mony braid Aith,
We ſell this ſame Claith,
To gar the Buyers cum faſt again.

XI.

Now is my Wob wrocht,
And arlet and bocht,
Cum lay the Payment in my Hand;
And gif my Claith ſelzie,
Zeis not pay a Melzie,
The Wob ſall be at zour Command,
The Market is thrang,
And will not laſt lang;
They buy faſt in the Border Land;
Abeit I haif Tinſel;
Zit maun I tak Handſell,
To pay my Buith-Mail and my Stand.

XII.

My Claith wald be lude,
Be great Men of gude,
Gif Lads and Lowns wald let me be,
Zit maun I excuſe them;
How can I refuſe them,
Sen all Mens Penny maks him frie?
The beſt and Gay ot,
My ſelf tuke a Sey ot,
A Wylie-coat I will nocht lie,
Quhilk did me nae Harm,
But held my Coſt warm,
A ſymple Merchant ye may ſee.

XIII.

This far to relive me,
That nane may reprive me,
In *Jedbrugh* at the Juſticeair,
This Sang of thrie Laſſes
Was made abune Glaſſes,
That Tyme that they wer Tapſters thair.
The firſt was a *Quhyt*,
A Laſs of Delyte;

The *Violet* was baith gude and fair;
Keip *Reid* frae all Skaith.
Scho is wordie them baith;
Sae to be ſhort I ſay nae mair.

Quod Semple.

On King James V. *his three Miſtreſſes.*

Saw not thy Seid on *Sandylands*,
Spend not thy Strength on *Weir*,
And ryd not on the *Oliphant*
For hurting of thy Geir.

THE
LYON and the MOUS.

I.

IN Midſt of *June*, that jolly Seaſon ſweit,
Quhen *Phebus* fair, with his warm Beams fae bricht
Had dryit frae Dale and Dawn the dewy Weit,
And all the Land made with his leiming Licht,
In a gay Morn, betwixt Mid-day and Nicht,
I raiſe and put all Slouth and Sleip on Syde,
And went allone untill a Forreſt wyde.

II.

SWEIT was the Smell of Flowirs, blae, quhyt and reid,
The Noyſe of Birds was maiſt melodious,
The bobing Bews bluimd braid abune my Heid,
The Ground growand with Graſs maiſt verderous,
Of all Pleiſance that Place was plenteous,
With ſweit Odour and Birds ſaft Hermonie,
The Morning myld increaſd the Mirth and Glee.

III. THE

III.

THE Roſes reid arrayt the Rone and Ryſs,
The Primroſe and the Purpure Violae;
To heir it was a Poynt of Paradyce,
Sic Mirth the Mavis and the Merle couth mac:
The Bloſoms blyth brak up on Bank and Brae,
The Smell of Herbs, and the Wing-minſtrell Cry,
Contending quha ſould haif the Victory.

IV.

ME to conſerve frae the Suns birning Heit,
Undir the Schadow of an Awthorn-grene,
I leant mé doun amangs the Flowirs ſweit,
Syn made a Croſs, and cloſed baith myne Een;
On Sleip I fell amang the Bewis bein,
And in my Dream methocht came throw the Schaw
The faireſt Man that eir before I ſaw.

V.

HIS Goun was of a Claith as quhyte as Milk,
His Chymers wer of Chamelet Purpure broun,
His Hude of Scarlet, borderit round with Silk
In hekle Ways, untill his Girdle doun;
Of the auld Faſſoun was his Bonnat roun,
His Heid was quhyt, his Een was grene and gray,
With lokar Hair, quhilk owre his Shulder lay.

VI. A

VI.

A Row of Paper in his Hand he bair,
A Swans quhyt Pen ſtickand beneth his Eir,
Ane Inkhorn with a pretty gilt Pennair,
A Bag of Silk, all at his Belt he weir;
Thus was he gudely grathit in his Geir,
Of Stature large, and with a feirfull Face,
To quher I lay he came with ſturdy Pace.

VII.

And ſayd, God-ſpeid, my Son, and I was fain
Of that couth Word, and of his Company;
With Reverence I ſalutet him again,
Welcome Fader, and he ſat doun by me;
Diſpleis zou not, my gude Maſter, tho I
Demand zour Birth, zour Facultie and Name,
Quhat brings ze hier, and quher ze dwell at hame?

VIII.

My Son, he ſayd, I am of gentle Blude,
My natall Land is *Rome*, withouten nay,
And in that Toun firſt to the Schulis I zied,
And ſtudyt Sciens ther full mony a Day,
And now my winning is in Heaven for ay;
Eſope I hecht my Wryting and my Wark,
Is couth and kend to many a cunnand Clark.

IX.

O Maiſter *Eſope*, Poet and Laureat,
God wate ze are full deir welcome to me;
Are ze not he that all thir Fables wrat,
Quhilk in Effect, altho they fenziet be,
Are full of Prudence and Moralitie:
Fair Son, he ſayd, I am the ſamyne Man;
My ſlichterand Heart I wate grew mirry than.

X.

ESOPE, ſaid I, my Maiſter venerable,
I heartilie zou beſeik, for Cheritie,
Ze wald dedene to tell a pritty Fable,
Concludand with a gude Moralitie;
Schekand his Heid, he ſayd, My Son let be,
For quhat iſt worth to tell a fenziet Tale,
Quhen hale Preiching may naithing now avail?

XI.

Now in this Warld methinks richt few or nane
To haly Scripture has the leiſt Regaird;
The Eir is deif, the Hairt is hard as Stane,
They nevir mynd Punition or Rewaird,
Thair Lukes inclynand allways to the Eard;
Sae rouſtet is the Warld with Canker black,
That all my Tales may little Succour mak.

XII.

Zit gentle Sr, ſayd I, for my Requieſt,
Not to diſpleis zour Fatherheid I pray,
Undir the Figure of ſum brutal Beiſt,
A moral Fable ze wald grant to ſay;
Quha kens nor I may leir and beir away
Sumthing therby, heraftir may avail:
I grant, quoth he, and thus began his Tale.

XIII.

A Lyon at his Prey weiry forrun,
To recreate his Limbs and tak his Reſt,
Beikand his Breiſt and Bellie at the Sun,
Undir a Tree lay in the fair Foreſt;
Then came a Trip of Myce out of thair Neſt
Richt tait and trig, all danſand in a Gyſs,
And owre the Lyon lanſit twyſs or thryſs.

XIV.

He lay ſae-ſtill, the Myce was not affeird,
But to and frae atowre him tuke thair Trace;
Sum tirlt at the Whiskers of his Beird,
Sum did not ſpare to claw him on the Face:
Merry and glade thus danſit they a Space,
Till at the laſt the nobil Lyon wouk,
And with his Paw the Maiſter Mous he tuke.

XV.

He gaif a Cry, and all the laif agaſt,
Their Danſing left, and hid them heir and thair;
He that was tane cryit out and weipit faſt,
And ſayd, Allace for now and evermair!
Now am I tane a wofull Priſoner,
And for my Gilt believes incontinent
Jugement to thole, and unto Death be ſent.

XVI.

Then ſpak the Lyon to that carefull Mous,
Thou catyve Wretch, and vyle unwordy Thing,
Owre malapert and owre preſumpteous,
Thou was to mak atowre me thy Tripping;
Know thou not weil I was baith Lord and King
Of all the Beiſts? —— This (quod the Mous) I knaw,
But I misknew, becauſe ze lay ſae law.

XVII.

Lord, I beſiek thy Princely Ryaltie,
Heir quhat I ſay, and tak in Patience;
Conſidder firſt my ſimple Povertie,
And ſyne thy mighty high Magnificence;
Se als how Things that is done by Negligence,
Not frae malicious Thocht, or ill deſynd,
Sould gain Remiſſion frae a Kingly Mynd.

XVIII. With

XVIII.

WITH gret Aboundance we wer all repliet
Of alkynd Fude, ſic as to us affeird,
And us to dans, provokit the Seaſon ſwelt,
And mak ſic Mirth as Nature to us laird;
Ze lay ſae ſtill and law upon the Eard,
That be my Saul we weind ze had bein deid,
Ells wald we not haif danſit owre zour Heid.

XIX.

THY falſe Excuſe, the Lyon ſayd again,
Sall not avail a Myt, I undertae;
I put the Caſe, had I bene deid or ſlain,
And ſyne my Skin bene ſtapit full of Strae,
Thocht thou had found my Figure lyand ſae,
Becauſe it bare the Prent of my Perſoun,
Thou ſould for Dreid on Kneis haif falen doun.

XX.

NOW for thy Cryme thou can mak nae Defence,
My Ryal Perſon thus to vylipend,
Nowther by Forſs nor thyne oun Negligence,
For till Excuſe thou can nae Cauſe prettend;
Therfore thou ſuffer ſall a ſchamefull End,
And Deid, ſic as to Treſſon is decreit,
To be hung on a Gallows be the Fiet.

XXI.

O Mercy, Lord! at thy Gentrice I aſs,
As thou art King of all Beiſts cotronat,
Sobir thy Wrath, and let thyn Yre owrepaſs,
And mak thy Mynd to Mercy inclynat;
I grant Offens is done to thy Eſtate,
Therfore I wirdy am to ſuffir Deid,
But gif thy Kingly Mercy reik Remeid.

XXII.

In evry Juge Mercy and Rewth ſuld be,
As Aſſeſſors and coilaterall;
Without Mercy, Juſtice is Crewelltie,
As ſaid is in the Law ſpirituall:
When Rigour ſits upon the hygh Tribunall,
The Equitie of Law quha may ſuſtain?
Richt few or nane bot Mercy gae betwein.

XXIII.

Besyds ze knaw the Honour Triumphs zeild
To every Victor, on the Strength depends
Of his Compeir, quhilk manly in the Feild,
Throw Jepordy of Arms he lang deffends;
Quhat Pryce or Lowding, quhen the Battle ends,
Is ſayd of him that overcomes a Man;
Him to deffend that nowther dow nor can.

XXIV.

A Thouſand Myce to murder and devote,
Is litle Manheid in a Lyon ſtrang;
Full litle Worſhip can ze win thairfore,
To quhoſe vaſt Strenth is nae Compareſon:
It will degrad ſum Part of zour Renown
To ſlay a Mous that can mak nae Deffence,
But askand Mercy at zour Excellence.

XXV.

Also it not becomes zour Celſitude,
That uſes daylie Meit delicious,
To fyle zour Lipps or Grinders with my Blude,
Quhilk to zour Stomak is contagious;
Unhaleſom Melteth is a ſairy Mous,
And namely to a nobil Lyon ſtrang,
Wont to be fed with gentil Veniſon.

XXVI.

My Lyfe is litle, and my Deid far leſs;
Zit, gif I live, I may peraventure
Supplie zour Highnes being in Diſtreſs:
For aft is ſene a Man of ſmall Stature
Reskewed has a Lord of hygh Honnour,
Kept that has bene in Poynt to be owre-thrawn,
Throu Fortunes Falt; ſic Caſe me be zour awn.

XXVII.

QUHEN this was suyd, the generous Lyon pausit,
And thocht this arguing did not Reason want;
His Yre asswageit, and his kynd Merey causit
Him to the Mous a full Remission grant,
Opent his Paw; He on his Knels doun bent,
And baith his Hands unto the Heaven upheild,
Cryand, Almichty *Jove* give zou lang Eild.

XXVIII.

QUHEN he was gane, the Lyon zeid to hunt,
For he had nocht, but livd upon his Prey,
And slew baith tame and wyld, as he was wont,
And in the Countrie made a grit Deray;
Till at the last the People fand the Way
This crewell Lyon with a Girn to tak,
Of hempin Cords richt strang Netts coud they mak.

XXIX.

AND in a Road quhair he was wont to rin,
With Raips rude frae Trie to Trie it band,
Syne custe a Raing on Raw the Wod within,
With Blasts of Horns and Cauits fast calland;
The Lyon fled, and throu the Rone rinnand
Fell in the Net, and hankit Fute and Held,
For all his Strenth he coud mak nae Remeid.

XXX. ROLAND

XXX.

ROLAND about with hydious Rowmifling,
Quhyles so quhyles frae, gif he micht Succor get;
But all in vain, that velzie him naething,
The mair he ſtang, the faſter he was knit:
The Raips rude about him ſae was plet
On every Syde, that Succor ſaw he nane,
But ſtill lyand, thus murnand maid his Mane.

XXXI.

O fair lameit Lyon, liggand heir ſae law,
Quhair is the Micht of thy Magnificence,
Of quhom all brutal Beiſt in Eard ſtand Aw,
And dreid to luke on thy gret Excellence;
Bot Hope or Help, bot Succor or Defence,
In ſtrang Hemp-bands heir maun I ly, allace!
Till I be ſlain, I ſe nae uther Grace.

XXXII.

THER is nae Joy that will my Harms wraik,
Nor Creature to do Comfort to my Crown,
Quha ſall me bute? Quha ſall thir Bands brek?
Quha ſall me put frae Pain of this Priſon?
Be that he had his Lamentation done,
Perchance the litle pardond Mous came neir,
And of the Lyon hard the pityous Beir.

XXXIII.

And ſuddainly it came intill his Mynd
That it ſuld be the Lyon did him Grace,
And ſayd, Now wer I fals and richt unkynd,
Bot gif I quit ſum Part thy Gentilneſs
Thou did to me, —— and on with that he gaes
To all his Maiks, and on them faſt did cry,
Cum help, cum help, and they came all on hy.

XXXIV.

Lo, quoth the Mous, this is our Ryal Lord,
Quha gaif me Grace quhen I was by him tane,
And now is faſt heir fanklet in a Cord,
Wrekand his Hurt with Murning ſair and Mane,
Bot we him help, of Suplie kens he nane;
Cum help to quyt ane gude Turn with annither,
Sae beit, cryd all; ſyn fell to Wark togither.

XXXV.

They tuke nae Knyf, thair Teith wer ſherp enewgh;
To ſe that Sicht forſuith it was grit Wonder,
How that they ran amang the Halters tewgh,
Before, behind, ſum zeid abune, ſum under,
And ſchure the Raips with the maiſt eiſs in Sunder,
Syne bad him ryſe, —— and he ſtart up annone,
And thankit them; ſyn to the Bent is gane.

XXXVI. Now

XXXVI.

Now dois the Lyon frie of Danger skour,
Lowse, and delivert till his Libertie,
By litle Animals of smalleſt Power,
As ze haif hard, becauſe he had Pitie:
Quoth I, Maiſter, is ther Moralitie
Into this Fable, —— *Son*, ſayd he, *richt gude*;
I pray zou gieſt, quoth I, or ze conclude.

The MORALITIE.

XXXVII.

We may ſuppoſe this Lyon of Renoun
May ſignifie ane Emperour or King,
Or ony Poteſtate that weirs a Croun,
That ſould be wakryfe in his governing,
But of his Peple taks ſlicht noticeing,
To rule and ſteir the Land, and Juſtice keip,
But lazy lyes in luſtie Slouth and Sleip.

XXXVIII.

The Foreſt fair with Bloſſoms lown and lie,
The ſingand Birds and Flowirs ſae ferly ſweit,
Ar but this Warld, and his Proſperitie,
As Pleiſands fals mingillit with Care repleit,
Richt, as the Roſe with Froſt and Winter weir,

Wallous; ſae dois the Warld and them defaif
That Confidence in luſty Pleaſures haif.

XXXIX.

THIR litle Myce ar Comonalitie,
Wanton, unwyſe, without Coreſtion dues;
Sic Lords and Princes, quhen they chanſs to ſe
That execute, the richteous Laws on few,
They dreid naithing, but with rebellious Brow
Dar diſobey; for quhy? they ſtand nae Aw,
That maks them aft their Soverains to miſknaw.

XL.

AND be this Fable, Lords of prudent Sence
Conſidder may the Virtue of Prie,
And ſuld remit ſumtyme a grit Offence,
And Mercy metigate with Crueltie;
Aftymes is ſene a Man of ſmall Degree
Has quit a Common baith for Gude and Ill,
As Lords has Rigour done, or Grace him till.

XLI.

QUHA wates how ſune a Lord of grit Renoun,
Rowand in warldly Luſt and vain Pleiſance,
May be owrthrawin, diſtroyed, or put doun
Throu Fortune fals, that of all Variance
Is hale Miſtres, and Leader of the Dance

To

To lustly Men, and blinds them up sae soir,
That they nae Perell can provyd befor.

XLII.

THIR crewell Men that stentit has the Net
In quhilk the Lyon suddenlie was tane,
Waited allway that they a Mends micht get;
For Hurt, Men wryts with Steil in Marble-stane,
Mair till expone, as now, I let alane:
But King and Lord may weil wate what I mein,
The Figure hereof aftymes has bein sene.

XLIII.

QUHEN this was sayd, quoth *Esop*, My fair Chyld,
Persuade the Kirkmen eydentlie to pray,
That Treason off this Countrie be exyld,
That Justice ring, and Nobles keip thair Fay
Unto thair Soverain Lord baith Nicht and Day:
And with that Word he vaneist, and I woke,
Syne throu the Schaw my Jurney hamewart tuke.

Quod Mr. RO. HENRYSON.

THE
TOD and the LAMB,
OR,
Follows the Wowing of the King when he was at Dumfermeling.

I.

THis hinder Nicht in *Dumfermeling*,
To me was tald a wonder Thing,
That late a Tod was with a Lamb,
And with hir playd, and made gude Game;
Syne to his Breiſt did hir imbrace,
And wald haif ridden hir lyk a Ram,
And that methocht a ferly Caſe.

II.

HE braiſt hir bonny Bodie ſweit,
And halſt hir with his forder Feit,
Syne ſchuke his Tail with Whindge and Zelp;
And todlit with hir lyke a Quhelp,
Then lourit on growf, and asked Grace;
And ay the Lamb cryd, Lady help,
And that methocht a ferly Caſe.

III.

THE Tod was nowthir lein nor ſcowry,
He was a luſty reid-haird *Lowry*,
Ane lang taild Beiſt and grit withall;
The ſilly Lamb was all to ſmall,
With ſic a Trible to bald a Baſe:
Scho fled him not, fair mot her fall,
And that methocht a ferly Caſe.

IV.

THE Tod was reid, the Lamb was quhyte,
Scho was a Morſell of Delyte;
He luvit nae Ews auld teuch and Sklender,
Becauſe this Lamb was zung and tender.
He ran upon her with a Race,
And ſcho ſchup nevir to defend hir,
And this methocht a ferly Caſe.

V.

HE gripit her about the Waiſt,
And handilt her as gif in Haſte;
This Inocent that neir treſpaſt,
Tuke Heart that ſcho was handilt faſt,
And lute him kiſs her luſty Face:
His girnand Gams hir nocht agaſt,
And that methocht a ferly Caſe.

VI. HE

VI.

He held hir till him be the Hals,
And ſpake full fair tho' he was fals;
Syne ſaid and ſwore to his in Mode,
That he ſuld not twitch hir Prein-cod.
The ſilly Thing trow'd him, allace!
The Lamb gaif Creddance to the Tod,
And that methocht a ferly Caſe.

VII.

I will nae Leiſings put in Verſe,
Lyke as ſum Janglers do reherſe;
But be quhat Manner they wer mard,
Quhen Licht was out and Dores were bard;
I wate not gif he gaif hir Grace;
But Winnocks all were ſtappit hard,
And that methocht a ferly Caſe.

VIII.

Quhen Folk do ſleit in Joy maiſt far,
Thair ſune cums Wae or they be War,
Quhen carpand wer thir twa maiſt crouſe,
The Wolf he umbeſet the Houſe,
Upon the Tod to make a Chaſe:
The Lamb ſcho cheipit lyke a Mouſe,
And that methocht a ferly Caſe.

IX. Throw

IX.

THROW hydious Howling of the Wowf,
This wylie Tod plait doun on Growf;
And in the silly wie Lambs Skin,
He crap as far as he micht win,
And hid him thair a gay lang Space;
The Ews besyde they made nae Din,
And that methocht a ferly Case.

X.

QUHEN of the Tod was heerd nae Peip,
The Wowf wont all had bene asleip;
And quhyle the Tod had striken Ten,
The Wowf he drest him to his Den,
Protestand for the second Place:
And this Report I with my Pen,
How at *Dunfermling* fell the Case.

Quod DUNBAR.

On

On anes being his own Enemy.

I.

HE that has Gold and Riches great,
And may live at a merry Rate;
And Gladneſs dois frae him expell,
And lives into a wretched State;
He worketh Sorrow to himſell.

II.

HE that may be bot Sturt and Stryf,
And live a luſty lightſome Lyfe,
And ſyne with Marriage dois him mell,
And buckles with a wicked Wyfe,
He worketh Sorrow to himſell.

III.

HE that has for his awin Genzie
A pleſand Prop bot Mank or Menzie,
And ſhutes ſyne at an uncow Schell,
And is forfairn with Fleis of *Spenzie*,
He worketh Sorrow to himſell.

IV. AND

IV.

And he that with gude Life and Treuth,
Bot Variance or other Slewth,
  Dois evir with a Maſter dwell,
That nevir of him will have Rewth,
  He worketh Sorrow to himſell.

V.

Now all this Time let us be merry,
And ſet not by this Warld a Cherry,
  Now quhyle thair is gude Wyne to ſell;
The Cheil that dois on dry Breid wirry,
  I give them to the Devil of Hell.

Quod Dunbar.

The Benifite of thame who haue Ladies wha can be gude Soliciters at Court.

I.

THir Ladys fair, that mak Repair,
And at the Court are kend,
In three Days thair, they will do mair,
Ane Matter for till end,
Than ther Guide-men will do in Ten,
For any Craft they can,
Sae weil they ken, what Time and quhen,
Thair Manes they suld mak than.

II.

WITH litle Noy they can convoy
A Matter finally,
Richt myld and Moy, and keip it coy,
On Evens sae quietly;
They do no miss, but gif they kiss,
And keip Colation,
What Reck of this, thair Matter is
Brocht to Conclusion.

III. THEN

III.

THEN wit ye weil, they haif grit Feil,
And Mater to ſoliſt,
Treſt as the Steil, ſyne neir a Deil,
Quhen they come hame are miſt.
Thir Lairds they are, methink richt far,
Sic Wyves behalden to,
That ſae weil dar gae to the Bar,
Quhen there is ocht to do.

IV.

THEREFORE I reid, gif ze haif Pleid,
Or Matter in the Play,
To mak Remeid, ſend in zour Beid
Zour Ladys graitht up gay;
They can deffend, even to the End,
And Matters forth expreſs;
Suppoſe they ſpend, it is unkend,
Thair Geir is nocht the leſs.

V.

IN quiet Place, gin they have Space,
Within leſs than twa Hours,
They can percaſe, purchaſe ſum Grace,
At the Compoſitours;

Thair

Thair Compoſition with full Remiſſion,
Thair finally is endit,
With Expedition, and full Condition,
Thair Seals then are to pendit.

VI.

All hale almoſt they make the Coſt,
With ſober Recompence,
Richt little loſt, they get indorſt,
All hale their Evidence,
Sic Ladys wyſe, they are to pryze,
To ſay the Verity,
Sae can devyſe, and not ſurpryze
Thame nor thair Honeſty.

Quod DUNBAR.

Anither

Annother of the ſamen Caſt,
Pend be the Poet wrote the laſt.

I.

THe Uſe of Court richt weil I knaw,
Ladyis Soliceters of the Law;
At hame remain the ſilly Lairds,
And ſend thair Wyves behind the Yards,
Well ſtuft with Money and Rewards,
To furdet thair Errands frae Nicht faw.

II.

In Clouks they cum full braw quhyte cled,
And rouns to have thair Matter ſped;
They give nae Budds,
But on thair Fudds
They get grit Skuds,
In nakit Bed.

III.

But neirtheleſs the Laird maun fyn,
For all hir Miens, a Tun of Wyne:
His Wyfe cums hame thus fynely uſd,
But zit he maun hald hir excuſd;
And finaly the Folks that doiſt
Denys and laughs at them baith ſyne.

IV.

The Laird murns quhen he may not mend it,
His Lady jaipt his Siller ſpend it,
And all his Labour turnd in vain;
But ay the Lady ſays full plain,
That ſcho maun to the Court again,
Or els the Plea will not be endit.

V.

Hir Buckler bord, and backward born,
And all hir Cauſe is quite forlorn;
Up gets hir Wame,
Scho thinks nae Schame
Syne to bring hame
The Laird a Horn.

THE

THE VISION.

Compylit in Latin *be a moſt lernit Clerk* * *in Tyme of our Hairſhip and Oppreſſion,* anno 1300, *and tranſlatit in* 1524.

I.

BEDOUN the Bents of *Banquo* Brae
Milane I wandert waif and wae,
Muſand our main Miſchaunce;
How be thay Faes we ar undone,
That ſtaw the *ſacred* † *Stane* frae *Scone,*
And leids us ſic a Daunce:

* The Hiſtory of the *Scots* Sufferings, by the unworthy Condeſcenſion of *Baliol* to *Edward* I. of *England*, till they recovered their Independence by the Conduct and Valour of the Great BRUCE, is ſo univerſally known, that any Argument to this antique Poem ſeems uſeleſs.

† The old Chair (now in *Weſtminſter* Abbey) in which the *Scots* Kings were always crown'd, wherein there is a Piece of Marble with this Inſcription;

Ni fallat fatum, SCOTI, *quocunque locatum*
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.

Quhyle *Inglands Edert* taks our Tours,
And *Scotland* ferſt obeys,
Rude Ruffians ranſakk Ryal Bours,
And *Baliol* Homage pays;
Throch Feidom our Freidom
Is blotit with this Skore,
Quhat *Romans* or no Mans
Pith culd eir do befoir.

II.

The Air grew ruch with bouſteous Thuds,
Bauld *Boreas* branglit outthrow the Cluds,
Maiſt lyke a drunken Wicht;
The Thunder crakt, and Flauchts did rift
Frae the blak Viſſart of the Lift:
The Forreſt ſchuke with Fricht;
Nae Birds abune thair Wing extenn,
They ducht not byde the Blaſt,
Ilk Beiſt bedeen bangd to thair Den,
Untill the Storm was paſt:
Ilk Creature in Nature
That had a Spunk of Sence,
In Neid then, with Speid then,
Methocht cryt, In Defence.

III. To

III.

To see a Morn in *May* sae ill,
deimt Dame Nature was gane will,
To rair with rackles Reil;
Quhairfor to put me out of Pain,
And skonce my Skap and Shanks frae Rain,
I bure me to a Beil,
Up ane hich Craig that lundgit alaft,
Out owre a canny Cave,
A curious Cruif of Natures Craft,
Quhilk to me Schelter gaif;
Ther vexit, perplexit,
I leint me douh to weip,
In brief ther, with Grief ther
I dottard owre on Sleip.

IV.

Heir *Somnus* in his silent Hand
Held all my Sences at Command,
Quhyle I forzet my Cair;
The myldest Meid of mortall Wichts
Quha pass in Peace the private Nichts,
That wauking finds it rare;

Sae in ſaft Slumbers did I ly,
But not my wakryfe Mynd,
Quhilk ſtill ſtude Watch, and couth eſpy
A Man with Aſpeck kynd,
Richt auld lyke and bauld lyke,
With Baird thre Quarters skant,
Sae braif lyke and graif lyke,
He ſeemt to be a Sanct.

V.

Grit Darring dartit frae his Ee,
A Braid-ſword ſchogled at his Thie,
On his left Arm a Targe;
A ſhynand Speir filld his richt Hand,
Of ſtalwart Mak, in Bane and Brawnd,
Of juſt Proportions, large;
A various Rain-bow colourt Plaid
Owre his left Spaul he threw,
Doun his braid Back, frae his quhyt Heid,
The Silver Wymplers grew;
Amaiſit, I gaiſit
To ſe, led at Command,
A ſtrampant and rampant
Ferſs Lyon in his Hand.

VI.

QUHILK held a Thiſtle in his Paw,
And round his Collar graiſt I ſaw
This Poeſie pat and plain,
Nemo me impune laceſs-
-Et : —— In *Scots*, *Nane ſall oppreſs*;
Me, unpuniſt with Pain;
Still ſchaking, I durſt naithing ſay,
Till he with kynd Accent
Sayd, Fere let nocht thy Hairt affray,
I cum to hier thy Plaint;
Thy graining and maining
Haith laitlie reikd myne Eir,
Debar then affar then
All Eiryneſs or Feir.

VII.

FOR I am ane of a hie Station,
The *Warden* of this auntient Nation,
And can nocht do the Wrang;
I viſſyt him then round about,
Syne with a Reſolution ſtout,
Speird, Quhair he had bene ſae lang?

Quod he, Althocht I ſum forſuke,
Becaus they did me ſlicht,
To Hills and Glens I me betuke,
To them that luves my Richt;
Quhaſe Mynds zet inclynds zet
To damm the rappid Spate,
Devyſing and pryſing
Freidom at ony Rate.

VIII.

Our Trechour Peirs thair Tyranns treit,
Quha jyb them, and thair Subſtance eit,
And on thair Honour ſtramp;
They, pure degenerate! bend thair Baks,
The Victor, *Langſhanks*, proudly cracks
He has blawn out our Lamp:
Quhyle trew Men, ſair complainand, tell,
With Sobs, thair ſilent Greif,
How *Baliol* thair Richts did ſell,
With ſmall Howp of Releife;
Regretand and fretand
Ay at his curſit Plot,
Quha rammed and crammed
That Bargin doun thair Throt.

IX. Braif

IX.

BRAIR Gentrie ſweir, and Burgers ban,
Revenge is muttert be ilk Clan
Thats to their Nation trew;
The Cloyſters cum to cun the Evil,
Mailpayers wiſs it to the Devil,
With its contryving-Crew:
The Hardy wald with hairty Wills,
Upon dyre Vengance fall;
The feckleſs fret owre Heuchs and Hills,
And Eccho Anſwers all,
Repetand and greitand,
With mony a ſair Alace,
For Blaſting and Caſting
Our Honour in Diſgrace.

X.

WAES me! quod I, our Caſe is bad,
And mony of us are gane mad,
Sen this diſgraceful Paction.
We are felld and herryt now by Forſe;
And hardly Help fort, thats zit warſe,
We are ſae forfairn with Faction.

Then

Then has not he gude Cauſe to grumble,
Thats forſt to be a Slaif;
Oppreſſion dois the Judgment Jumble
And gars a wyſe Man raif.
May Cheins then, and Pains then
Infernal be thair Hyre
Quha dang us, and flang us
Into this ugſum Myre.

XI.

THEN he with bauld forbidding Luke,
And ſtaitly Air did me rebuke,
For being of Sprite ſae mein;
Said he its far beneath a *SCOT*
To uſe weak Curſes quhen his Lot
May ſumtyms ſour his Splein,
He rather ſould mair lyke a Man,
Some braif Deſign attempt;
Gif its nocht in his Pith, what than,
Reſt but a Quhyle content,
Nocht feirful, but cheirful,
And wait the Will of Fate,
Which mynds to deſygns to
Renew zour auntient State.

XII.

I ken ſum mair mair than ze do all
Of quhat ſall afterwart befall,
In mair auſpicious Tymes;
For aften far abuſe the Mune,
We watching Beings do convene,
Frae round Eards outmoſt Climes,
Quhair evry Warden repreſents
Cleirly his Nations Caſe,
Gif Famyne, Peſt, or Sword Torments,
Or Vilains hie in Place,
Quha keip ay, and heip ay
Up to themſelves grit Store,
By rundging and ſpunging
The leil laborious Pure.

XIII.

Say then, ſaid I, at zour hie Sate,
Lernt ze ocht of auld *Scotland*'s Fate.
Gif eir ſchoil be her fell;
With Smyle Celeſt, quod he, I can,
But its nocht fit an mortal Man
Sould ken all I can tell:

But

Then has not he gude Cauſe to grumble,
Thats forſt to be a Slaif;
Oppreſſion dois the Judgment Jumble
And gars a wyſe Man raif.
May Cheins then, and Pains them
Infernal be thair Hyre
Quha dang us, and flang us
Into this ugſum Myre.

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Gif its no'

XII.

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Quha keip ay, and keip ay
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By rudging and ſpunging
The leil laborious Pure.

III.

But Part to the I may unfold,
And thou may ſaifly ken,
Quhen *Scottiſh* Peirs ſlicht *Saxon* Gold,
And turn trew heartit Men;
Quhen Knaivry and Slaivrie,
Ar equally diſpyſd,
And Loyalte and Royalte,
Univerſalie are pryſd.

XIV.

QUHEN all zour Trade is at a Stand,
And Cunzie clene forſaiks the Land,
Quhilk will be very ſune,
Will Preiſts without their Stypands preich?
For nocht will Lawyers Cauſes Streich;
Faith thatis nae eaſy done.
All this and mair maun cum to paſs,
To cleir zour glamourit Sicht;
And *Scotland* maun be made an Aſs.
To ſet her Jugment richt.
Theyil jade hir and blad hir,
Untill ſcho brak hir Tether,
Thocht auld ſchois zit bauld ſchois,
And teuch lyke barkit Lether.

XV. Bur

XV.

But mony a Corſs ſall braithleſs ly,
And Wae ſall mony a Widow cry,
Or all rin richt again;
Owre *Cheviot* prancing proudly *North*,
The Faes ſall tak the Feild neir *Forthe*,
And think the Day their ain:
But Burns that Day ſall rin with Blude
Of them that now oppreſs;
Thair Carcaſſes be *Corbys* Fude,
By thouſands on the Greſs.
A King then ſall ring then,
Of wyſe Renoun and braif,
Quhaſe Puſians and Sapiens,
Sall Richt reſtoir and ſaif.

XVI.

The View of Freidomis ſweit, quod I,
O ſay, grit Tennant of the Skye,
How neiris that happie Tyme:
We ken Things but be Circumſtans,
Nae mair, quod he, I may advance,
Leiſt I commit a Cryme.

Quhat

Quhat eir ze pleis, gae on, quod I,
I ſall not faſh ze moir,
Say how, and quhair ze met, and quhy,
As ze did hint befoir.
With Air then ſae fair then,
That glanſt like Rayis of Glory,
Sae Godlyk and oddlyk
He thus reſumit his Storie.

XVII.

Frae the Suns Ryſing to his Sett,
All the pryme Rait of Wardens met,
In ſolemn bricht Array,
With Vehicles of *Aither* cleir,
Sic we pût on quhen we appeir
To Sauls rowit up in Clay;
Thair in a wyde and ſplendit Hall,
Reird up with ſhynand Beims,
Quhais Rufe-treis wer of Rainbows all,
And paiſt with ſtarrie Gleims,
Quhilk prinked and twinkled
Brichtly beyont Compair,
Much famed and named
A Caſtill in the Air.

XVIII. In

XVIII.

In midſt of quhilk a Tabill ſtude,
A ſpacious Oval reid as Blude,
Made of a Fyre-Flaucht,
Arround the dazeling Walls were drawn,
With Rays be a celeſtial Hand,
Full mony a curious Drauchts
Inferiour Beings flew in Haiſt,
Without Gyd or Derectour,
Millions of Myles throch the wyld Waſte,
To bring in Bowlis of Nectar:
Then roundly and ſoundly
We drank lyk *Roman* Gods;
Quhen *Jove* ſae dois rove ſae,
That *Mars* and *Bacchus* nods.

XIX.

Quhen *Phebus* Heid turns licht as Cork,
And *Neptune* leans upon his Fork,
And limpand *Vulcan* blethers:
Quhen *Pluto* glowrs as he were wyld,
And *Cupid* luves we wingit Chyld,
Fals down and fyls his Fethers.

Quhen

Quhen *Pan* forzets to tune his Reid,
And flings it cairleſs bye,
And *Hermes* wingd at Heils and Heid,
Can nowther ſtand nor lye:
Quhen ſtaggirand and ſwagirrand,
They ſtoyter Hame to ſleip,
Quhyle Centeries at Enteries
Imortal Watches keip.

XX.

Thus we tuke in the high browin Liquour,
And bangd about the Nectar Biquour;
But evir with his Ods:
We neir in Drink our Judgments dreuſch,
Nor ſcour about to ſeik a Wenſch
Lyk theſe auld baudy Gods,
But franklie at ilk uther ask,
Quhats proper we ſuld know,
How ilk ane hes performt the Task,
Aſſignd to him below.
Our Minds then fag kind then,
Are fixt upon our Care,
Ay noting and ploting
Quhat tends to thair Weilfair.

XXI. GOTHIS

XXI.

Gothus and *Vandall* baith lukt bluff,
Quhyle *Gallus* sneerd and tuke a Snuff,
Quhilk made *Allmane* to stare;
Latinus bad him naithing feir,
But lend his Hand to haly Weir,
And of cowd Crouns tak Care;
Bataivus with his Paddock-Face
Luking asquint, cryd, Pisch,
Zour Monks ar void of Sence or Grace,
I had leur sicht for Fisch;
Zour Schule-men ar Fule-men,
Carvit out for dull Debates,
Decoying and destroying
Baith Monarchies and States.

XXII.

Berius with a gurlie Nod
Cryd, *Hogan*, zes we ken zour God,
Its Herrings ze adore;
Heptarchus, as he usd to be,
Can nocht with his ain Thochts agre,
But varies bak and fore;

Ane quhyle he ſays, It is not richt
A Monarch to reſiſt,
Neiſt Braith all Ryall Powir will ſlicht,
And paſſive Homage jeſt;
He hitches and fitches
Betwein the *Hie* and *Hoe*,
Ay jieand and ſieand
Round lyk a Wedder-cock.

XXIII.

I ſtill ſupport my Precedens
Abune them all, for Sword and Sens,
Thocht I haif layn richt now lown,
Quhylk was, becaus I bure a Grudge
At ſum fule *Scotis*, quha lykd to drudge
To Princes no thair awin;
Sum Thanis thair Tennants pykit and ſqueiſt,
And purſit up all thair Rent,
Syne wallopit to far Courts, and bleiſt,
Till Riggs and Schaws war ſpent;
Syne byndging and whyndging,
Quhen thus reduſit to Howps,
They dander and wander
About pure Lickmadowps.

XXIV. *But*

XXIV.

BUT now its Tyme for me to draw
My ſhynand Sword againſt Club-Law,
And gar my Lyon roir;
He ſall or lang gie ſic a Sound,
The Ecchoe ſall be hard arround
Europe, frae Schore to Schore;
Then lat them gadder all thair Strenth,
And ſtryve to wirk my Fall,
Tho numerous, zit at the lenth
I will owrecum them all,
And raiſe zit and blaſe zit
My Braiſnie and Renown,
By gracing and placing
Arright the *Scottis* Crown.

XXV.

QUHEN my braif BRUCE the ſame ſall weir
Upon his Ryal Heid, full cleir
The Diadem will ſhyne;
Then ſall zour ſair Oppreſſion ceis,
His Intreſt zours he will not fleice,
Or leif zou eir inclyne:

Thocht Millions to his Purſe be lent,
Zell neir the puirer be,
But rather richer, quhyle its ſpent
Within the *Scottiſh* Se:
The Field then ſall zeild then
To honeſt Husbands Welth,
Gude Laws then ſall cauſe then
A ſickly State haif Helth.

XXVI.

QUHYLE thus he talkit, methocht ther came
A wondir fair Etherial Dame,
And to our Warden ſayd,
Grit *Callidon* I cum in Serch
Of zou, frae the hych ſtarry Arch,
The Counſill wants zour Ayd;
Frae every Quarter of the Sky,
As ſwift as Quhirl-wynd,
With Spirits ſpeld the Chiftains hy,
Sum grit Thing is deſygnd
Owre Muntains be Funtains,
And round ilk fairy Ring,
I haif chaiſt ze, O haiſt ze,
They talk about zour King.

XXVII. WITH

XXVII.

WITH that my Hand methocht he ſchuke,
And wiſcht I Happyneſs micht bruke,
To eild be Nicht and Day;
Syne quicker than an Arrows Flicht,
He mountit upwarts frae my Sicht,
Straicht to the milkie Way;
My Mynd him followit throw the Skyes,
Untill the brynie Streme
For Joy rah trinckling frae myne Eyes,
And wakit me frae Dreme;
Then peiping, half ſleiping,
Frae furth my rural Beild,
It eiſit me and pleiſit me
To ſe and ſmell the Feild.

XXVIII.

FOR *Flora* in hir clene Array,
New waſhen with a Showir of *May*,
Lukit full ſweit and fair;
Quhyle hir cleir Husband frae aboif
Sched doun his Rayis of genial Luve,
Hir Sweits perfumt the Air;

The Winds war huſht, the Welkin cleird,
The glumand Clouds war fled,
And all as ſaft and gay appeird
As ane *Elyſion* Sched:
Quhilk heiſit and bleiſit
My Heart with ſic a Fyre,
As raiſes theſe Praiſes
That do to Heaven aſpyre.

Quod Ar. Scot.

Jok

Jok Up-a-lands *Complains against the Court in the Kings Nonaige.*

I.

NOw is the King in tendit Aige,
O CHRYST! conserve him in his Eild,
To do Justice to Man and Page,
That gars our Land ly lang unteild,
Thocht we do double pay thair Wage;
Pure Commons presentlie ar peild.
They ryde about in sic a Rege,
Be Firth and Forrest, Muir and Feild,
With Bow Buckler and Brand,
Lo quhair they ryde intill the Ry,
The Deil mot fane the Company,
I pray it frae my Heart trewly.
This said *Jok Up-a-land*,

II.

He that was wont to beir the Barrows,
Betwixt the Bake-hous and the Brew-hous
On Twenty Shilling now he tarrows,
To ryd the Heigait by the Plewis;
But were I King, and haif gude Fallows,
In *Norroway* they ſould heir of Newis,
I ſould him tak, and all his Marrows,
And hing them hich upon zon Hewis,
And thairto plichts my Hand.
And all thir Lordis and Barronis grie,
Upon an Gallows ſuld I knit,
That this doun treddit has our Quhit,
This ſaid *Jok Up-a-land.*

III.

But wald ilk Lord that our Law leids,
To Husbands Reſſone do with Skill,
To chak thir Chiftains be the Heids,
And hing them heich upon ane Hill;
Then Husbands labour micht their Steids,
And Preiſts micht pattir and pray their Fill;
For Husbands ſould nocht haif ſic Pleids,
And Scheip and Nolt micht ly full ſtill;
And Stakis and Rukis micht ſtand;

For

For ſen they raid amang our Dorrs,
With Splent on Spald and jouſty Spurrs,
Thair grew nae Fruit intill our Furrs;
This ſaid *Jok Up-a-land*.

IV.

Tak a pure Man a Scheip or twae,
For Hungir or for Falt of Fude,
To five or ſax wie Bairns or mae,
They will him hang in Halters rude,
But gif an tak a Flok or ſae,
A Bow of Ky, and lat them blude,
Full ſaifly may he ryd or gae:
I wait nocht gif thir Laws be gude,
I ſchrew them firſt them fand.
O JESU, for thy haly Paſſioun,
Grant to him Grace that weirs the Crown,
To ding thir mony Kings all doun.
This ſaid *Jok Up-a-land*.

Quod KENNEDY.

THE

THE
Garment of gude LADYIS.

I.

WALD my gude Lady lufe me beſt,
And work aftir my Will,
I ſould a Garment gudlieſt,
Gar mak her Body till.

II.

OF Honour hie ſould be her Hude,
Upon hir Heid to weir,
Garniſt with Governance ſae gude,
Nae demyeng ſould hir deir.

III.

HIR Sark ſould be, hir Body nixt,
Of Chaſtitie ſae quhyte,
With Schame and Dreid togither mixt,
The ſame ſould be perfyt.

IV.

Hir Kirtle of the clene Conſtance,
Doun laiſt with leſum Luve;
The Melzies of Continuance,
For nevir to remuve.

V.

Hir Goun ſould be of Gudliene,
Weil Riband with Renown,
Purfillt with Pleſour in ilk Place,
And furt with fyne Faſſoun.

VI.

Hir Belt ſould be of Benignitie,
About hir Midil meit,
Hir Mantil of Humilitie,
To tholl baith Wind and Weit.

VII.

Hir Hat ſould be of fair Having,
Hir Tipat of the Truth;
Hir Paitlet of ay gude pauſing,
Hir Hals Riban of Rewth.

VIII.

Hir Sleives ſould be of Eſperance,
To keip hir frae Diſpair;
Hir Gluves of the beſt Governance,
To hyd hir Fingers fair.

IX.

Hir Shune ſould be of Sickerneſs,
In Time that ſcho nocht ſlyd;
Hir Hoſe of Honeſty expreſs,
I ſould for hir provyde.

X.

Wald ſcho put on this Garment gay,
I durſt ſweir be my Scill,
That ſcho wore nevir Grene nor Gray,
That ſet hir half ſo weil.

Quod Mr. Rob. Henryson.

To the Honour of the Ladyis, and the Fortification of their Fame.

I.

JUST to declair the hie Magnificence,
And Bountie grit that in the Ladyis is;
The Wirdyneſs and Verteus Excelence,
The Laud, the Truth, the Bewtie, and the Bliſs,
My Barbir Tung unworthy is I wiſs;
But nocht the leſs my Pen I will apply,
To ſay the Suth, thoch Eloquence I miſs,
Of Femenyne the Fame to fortify.

II.

THOCHT Doctors auld Addreſſes thair Delyt,
To dyt of Ladys Defamation,
Wae worth the Wicht ſould ſet his Appityte,
To reid ſic Rolls of Reprobation;
But tittar mak plain Proclamation,
To gather all ſic Lybills biſſelie,
And in the Fyre mak thair Location,
Of Femenyne the Fame to fortifie.

III. For

III.

For quho ſae liſt the Richt trew to reherſe,
To humane Glore they mak Habilitie;
Quhen Men ar ſad at them ſolace they ſerſe,
As Habitickles of all Humanity,
They bring grit Weirs aft to Tranquilitie,
Malice of Men they meis and pacifie,
To Saul and Body baith Utilitie;
Therfore all Men thair Fame ſould fortifie.

IV.

Althocht a Man had as much Gude to ſpend,
As all the Empyres of this Globe around;
Wer Women wanting Weil-fare were at End,
Without thair Comfort Care ſould him confound
Quhair they abyde thair Bliſs does ay abound,
And quhair they flie Felicetie gaes by;
Bot thair Solace nae Sage may be eir ſound;
Thairfore all Men thair Fame ſould fortifie.

V.

Sen GOD has grantit them ſic Gudlineſs,
And formid them after ſae ſyne faſſoun,
Syne put ſic bluming Bewtie in thair Face,
Quhy ſould not Men hald them of grit Renown?

Sen

Sen GOD has given to them ſae grit Guerdoun,
And with ſic Meiknes does them magnifie,
Quhy ſuld Men mak to them Compariſone,
But owre all quhair thair Fames to fortifie?

VI.

OF *Mary* myld, the Maid imaculate,
To fortifie of Femenyne the Fame,
CHRYST was incarnate and incorporate,
And nuriſt was nyn Months within hir Wame;
And aftir born, and bocht us frae the Blame
Of *Bellial*, that brint us bitterlie;
That heavenly Honour ſaves the Sex frae Shame,
And owre all quhair thair Fame dois fortifie.

Quod STEWART.

THE DAUNCE.

I.

OF *Februar* the fiftein Nicht,
Richt lang before the Dayis Licht,
I lay intill a Trance,
And then I ſaw baith Heaven and Hell,
Methocht amang the Feynds fell
Mahoun gart cry a Daunce,
Of Shrewis that wer nevir ſchrevin
Againſt the Feiſt of Faſterns Evin,
To mak thair Obſervance;
He bad Galands gae graith a Gyis,
And caſt up Gamonds to the Skyes,
That laſt came out of *France*.

II.

Let ſee, quod he, now quha begins,
With that the foull ſeven deadly Sins
Begouth to leip attains;
And firſt of all the Daunce was *Pryde*,
With Hair wyld back, Bonnet on Syde,
Lyk to mak vaiſtie Wains;
And round about him as a Quheil,
Hang all in Rumples to his Heil
His Kethat for the Nains:
Mony proud Trumpour with him trippit
Throw skaldan Fyre, ay as they skipit,
They girnd with hydious Granes.

III.

Hellie Harlots on hawtane Ways
Came in with mony ſindry Gyis,
Zit nevir leuch *Mahoun*,
Till Preiſts came with bare ſchaven Necks,
Then all the Feynds leuch and made Gecks,
Black-wame and Bawſy-broun.

IV.

THEN *Ire* came in with Sturt and Stryfe,
His Hand was ay upon his Knyfe,
He brandeiſt lyk a Beir:
Boaſters, Braggers and Barganers
Aftir him paſsd all in be Pairs,
All boddin in Feir of Weir;
In Jacks, Stripps, and Bonnets of Steil,
Thair Leggs wer chenziet to the Heil,
Frawart was thair Affeir;
With Brands ſum on uther beſt,
Sum jagit uthers to the Heſt
With Knives that Scheip coud ſcheir.

V.

NEXT followd in the Daunce, *Envy*,
Filld full of Feid and Fellony,
Hid Malyce and Diſpyt;
For privy Hate that Traytor trembled,
Him followd mony Freik, diſſembled
With fenzied Words quhyte,

And

And Flatterers into Mens Faces,
And Back-byters of ſundry Races,
To lie that had Delyte,
With Rownars vyle of falſe Leiſings;
Allace! that Courts of nobil Kings
Of ſic can neer be quyte.

VI.

Nixt him in Daunce came *Covetyce*,
Rute of all Ill, and Grund of Vyce,
That neir coud be content;
Catyvs, Wretches and Ockerars,
Hud Pykes, Hurders and Gatherers,
All with that *Warlo* went:
Out of thair Throts they ſhot on uther
Het moltin Gold methocht a Futher,
As Fyre-flaucht maiſt fervent;
Ay as they tuimt themſells of Schot,
Feynds filld them weil up to the Throt
With Gold of all kynd Prent.

VII.

SYNE *Sweirnes* at the ſecond Bidding
Came lyk a Sow out of a Midding,
Full ſleipy was his Grunzie;
Mony ſweir bumbard Belly-huddron,
Mony Slut, Daw, and ſleipy Duddron,
Him ſerved ay with Sounzie:
He drew them furth intill a Chenzie,
And *Belial* with a Bridall Renzie
Ay laſhit them on the Lunzie.
In Daunce they were ſae ſlaw of Feit,
They gaif them in the Fyre a Heit,
Made them quicker of Cunzie.

VIII.

THEN *Lechery* that laithly Corſs,
Berand lyk to a bagit Horſs,
And Ydleneſs did him leid;
Ther was with him ane ugly Sort,
And mony a ſtynkand foull Tramort
That had in Sin bene deid:

Quhen

Quhen they wer enterit in the Daunce,
They wer full ſtrange of Countenance,
Lyk *Turkas* burnand reid;
All led they uther by the ——
Suppoſe they fyket with thair ——
It micht be nae Remeid.

IX.

THEN the foull Monſter, *Gluttony*,
With Wame unſatiate and greidy,
To daunce ſyn did him dreſs;
Him followit mony a foull Drunkart
With Can and Colep, Cop and Quart,
In Surfet and Exceſs;
Full mony a waiſtleſs wally Drag,
With Wames unwyldy did forth wag
In Creiſh, that did increſs;
Drink, ay they cryd, with mony a Gaip,
The Feynds gave them het Lead to laip,
Thair Lovery was nae leſs.

X.

NAE Minſtralls playd to them bot Dout,
For Glie-men ther war haldin out
Be Day and eik by Nicht;
Except a Minſtrall that ſlew a Man,
Sae till his Heritage he wan,
Entert be Breif of Richt.

XI.

THEN cryd *Mahoun* for a *Earſe* Padzean,
Syn ran a Feynd to fetch *Makfadzean*,
Far Northwart in a Nuke;
Be he the Correnoch did ſchout,
Earſe Men ſo gatherit him about,
In Hell grit Rume they tuke:
That Tarmagants with Tag and Tatter,
Full loud in *Earſe* begoud to clatter
And rowp lyk Ravin and Rowk;
The Deil ſae deivt was with thair Yell,
That in the deipeſt Pot of Hell
He ſmosit them all with Smuke.

Follows the Tournament between the Soutar *and* Tailzior.

I.

NIxt that a Tournament was cryd,
That lang before in Hell was tryd,
In Preſence of *Mahoun*,
Betwiſch a Tailzior and a Soutar,
A Prick-Louſe and a Hobell-Clouter,
The Barreſs was made boun;
The Tailzour baith with Speir and Sheild,
Convoyit was into the Feild,
With mony a Lymmar-Loun,
Of Seme-byters and Beiſt-knappers,
Of Stomok-ſtealers and Claith-takers,
A graceles Garriſoun.

II.

His Banner was born him before,
Quherin was Clouts a hundred Score,
Ilk ane of diverſe Heu,
And all ſtown out of ſindry Webs,
For quhyle the *Greik* Se flows and ebs,
Tailziors will neir be trew:
The Tailzior on the Barrows blent,
Allace! he tint all Hardyment,
For Feir he changit Hew:
Mahoun came forth and maid him Knicht,
Nae Ferlie thocht his Heart was licht,
That to ſic Honnour grew.

III.

The Tailzior hecht before *Mahoun*,
That he ſuld ding the Souttar doun,
Wer he ſtrang as a Maſt;
But quhen he on the Barrous blenkit,
His clouted Courage fairly ſchrinkit,
His Heart did all owre-caſt:

Quhen

Quhen to the Soutar he did cum,
Of all ſic Words he was quyte dum,
Sae ſair he was agaſt,
In Heart he tuke ſae great a Scunder,
A Rak of Farts lyke ony Thunder,
Flew frae him Blaſt for Blaſt.

IV.

THE Soutar to the Feild him dreſt,
He was convoyid out of the Weſt,
As an Deffender ſtout.
Suppoſe he had nae luſty Varlet,
He had full mony a louſy Harlot,
Round ryding him about.
His Banner was of barkit Hyd,
Quherin Saint *Girnega* did glyd,
Before that Rebald Rout:
Full Soutar lyke he was of Laits;
For ay betwiſh his Harnes Plaits,
The Uly burſtit out.

V. QUHEN

V.

QUHEN on the Tailzior he did luke,
His Heart a litle Dwaming tuke,
He micht not richt upfit,
Into his Stommok was ſic a Steir,
Of all his Denner quhilk he coſt deir,
His Breaſt held Deil a Bit:
To comfort him or he raid furder,
The Deil of Knichthude gaif him Order,
Fou ſair ſyne did he ſpit;
And he about the Devils Neck,
Did ſpew again a Quart of Blek,
Thus knichtly he him quit.

VI.

THEN Fourty Times the Feynd cryd, Fy,
The Soutar richt afearedly,
Unto the Feild he ſocht:
Quhen they were ſerved with their Speirs,
Folk had a Feil be their Effeirs,
Their Hearts were baith on Flocht.

They

They ſpurd their Horſe on either Syde,
Syne they outowre the Grund coud glyd,
And them togither brocht.
The Talzior that was nocht weil ſitten,
He left his Sadle all beſhitten,
And to the Grund he ſocht.

VII.

His Harnes brak and made a Brattle,
The Soutars Horſs lap with a Ratle,
And round about coud reil:
The Beiſt that frayed was richt evil,
Ran with the Soutar to the Devil,
Him he rewardit weil:
Sumthing frae him the Feynd eſhewd,
He wont again to bein beſpewd,
So ſtern he was in Steil:
He thocht again he wald debate him,
He turnd his Erſe, and all bedret him,
Ein quyte frae Neck to Heil.

VIII.

He lowſit it aff with ſic a Reird;
He dang baith Horſe and Man till Eard,
He fartit with ſic Feir.
Now haif I quit thee quoth *Mahoun*,
Thir new made Knichts lay baith in Swoun,
And did all Arms menſweir;
The Deil gart them to Dungeon dryve,
And them of Knichthude coud depryve,
Diſcharging them of Weir,
And made them Harlots baith for evir,
Quhilk ſtill to keip they had far levir
Nor ony Arms to beir.

IX.

I had mair of their Warks written,
Had not the Soutar bein beſhitten,
With *Belials* Erſs unbliſt.
But that ſae gude a Bourd methocht,
Sic Solace to my Heart it brocht,
For Lauchter neir I briſt:

Quh-

Quherthrow I wakenit frae my Trance,
To put this in Rememberance,
Micht no Man me reſiſt;
For this ſaid Juſting it befell,
Befoir *Mahoun* the Air of Hell,
Now trew this gif ze liſt.

Here ends the Soutar and the Tailzeors War,
Made be the noble Poet Wm. DUNBAR.

Follows ane

Amends made to the foreſaid
Knichts of the Birs and Thumble;
In Caſe his Joke ſhould them provok
Owr ſair to girn and grumble.

I.

BETWIXT the Twelt Hour and Elevin,
I dreamd an Angel came frae Heavin,
With Pleaſand Stevin ſayand on hie,
Tailziors and Soutars bliſt be ze.

II. HIGH

II.

HIGH up for zou is ordaind a Place,
Abune all Saints in great Solace,
In Happyneſs and Dignity,
Tailziors and Soutars blift be ze.

III.

THE Cauſe to you is not unkend,
Natures Neglect ye do amend,
Be Craft and great Agility,
Tailziors and Soutars bleſt be ze.

IV.

SOUTARS with Schune weil made and meit,
Ze mend the Faults of illfard Feit,
Quherfore to Heaven zour Sauls will flie,
Soutars and Tailziors bliſt be ze.

V.

THERIS not in this Fair a Flyrock,
That has upon hir Feit a Wyrock,
Knoul Taes, or Mouls in nae Degre,
But ze can hyde them, bleſt be ze.

VI. AND

VI.

AND Tailziors ze with weil made Clais,
Can mend the warſt made Man that gaes,
And mak him ſeimly lyk to ſee,
Tailziors and Soutars bliſt be ze.

VII.

THOCHT ane ſuld haif a broken Back,
Haif he a Tailzior gude, quhat-rak,
Heill cover it richt craftely,
Tailziors and Soutars bliſt be ze.

VIII.

OF all great Kindes may ze claim,
The cruke Backs, and the Criple, Lame,
Ay howdrand Faults with zour ſuplie,
Tailziors and Soutars bliſt be ze.

IX.

IN Eard ze kyth ſic Ferlys heir,
In Heavin ze ſall be Saints full cleir,
Tho' ze be Knaves in this Countrie,
Soutars and Tailzors bliſt be ze.

Quod DUNBAR.

The

The Luvers Mane that dares not aſſay.

I.

QUHEN *Flora* had owrfrett the Firth,
In *May* of ilka Moneth Quene,
Quhen Merle and Mavis ſings with Mirth,
Sweit Melling in the Schaws ſae ſchene,
When Luvers all rejoſit bene,
And maiſt diſyrous of thair Prey,
I hard a luſty Lover mene,
I luve, but I dare not aſſay!

II.

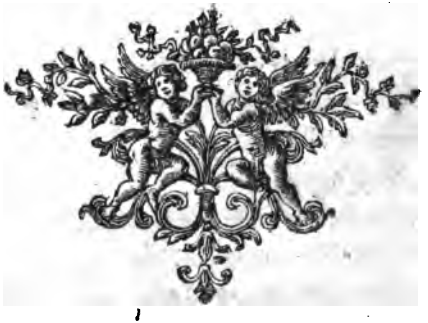
STRANG ar the Pains I daylie pruve,
But zit with Patience I ſuſtene,
I am ſae fettert in the Luve,
Only of my ſweit Lady ſchene,
Quhilk for her Bewtie micht be Quene,
Nature ſae craftily alway,
Has done depaint that ſweit Serene,
Quhom I luve, and dare not aſſay.

III. SCHE

III.

SCHO is ſae bricht of Hyd and Hew,
I luve but hir allone I wene,
Is nane hir Luve that may eſchew,
That blenks ſae of that dulce Amene;
Sae comelie cleir ar hir twa Ene,
That ſcho mae Luvers does effrey,
Then eir of *Greice* did fair *Helene*,
Quhome I luve, and dar not aſſay.

Quod STEWART.



Ane litle Interlude of the Droichs.

I.

HIRRY, hary, hobbilſchow,
Se ze not quha is cum now,
But zit wate I nevir how,
Brocht with the Quhirl-wind;
A Sargeand out of *Soudoun* Land,
A Gyane ſtrang in Limbs to ſtand,
That with the Strength of my awin Hand
May Bairs and Bugles bind.

II.

QUHA is then cum heir, but I
A bauld and bowſteous Bellomy,
Amang zou all to cry a Cry
With a maiſt michty Soun?
I generit am of Gyans kynd,
Frae hardy *Hercules* be Strynd,
Of all the Occident and Ynd,
My Elders woir the Croun.

III. My

III.

My fore Grandſyre heicht *Fynmackoull*,
Quha dang the Deil, and gart him zoul,
The Skyes raind Fludes quhen he wald skoul,
He trublit all the Air.
He gat my Gudſyre *Gog Magog*,
He, when he daunſt, the Warld wald ſchog,
Then Thouſand Ells zied in his Frog
Of Highland Plaids, and mair.

IV.

Sic was he quhen of tendir Zouth,
But aftir he grew mair at Fouth,
Elevin Myle wyde mett was his Mouth,
His Teith was ten Myles ſquair:
He wald upon his Tais upſtand,
And tak the Starns doun with his Hand,
And ſet them in a Gold Garland,
Abuve his Wyfes Hair.

V.

His Wyfe ſcho meikle was of Clift,
Her Heid wan heicher than the Liſt,
The Hevin reirdit quhen ſcho did riſt,
The Laſs was naithing sklender:

Scho ſpat *Loch-lowmond* with hir Lips,
Thunder and Fyre flew frae hir Hips,
Quhen ſcho was crabbit, the Sun thold Clips;
The Feynd durſt nocht offend hir.

VI.

For Cauld ſcho tuke the Fever Tartane,
For all the Claith in *France* and *Bartane*
Wald not be to hir Leg a Gartane,
Thocht ſcho was zung and tendir:
Upon a Nicht heir in the North,
Scho tuke the Gravel, and ſtaild *Craig-gorth*,
And piſcht the grit Watter of *Forth*,
Sic Tyd ran aftirhind hir.

VII.

Ane Thing written of hir I find,
In *Yrland* quhen ſcho blew behind,
On *Norway* Coiſt ſcho raiſt the Wind,
And grit Schips drownit thair:
Then ſcho fiſcht all the *Spainzie* Seis,
With hir Sark Lap betwix hir Theyis,
And thre Days ſailing tween hir Kneis
It was eſteemd and mair.

VIII. The

VIII.

THE hingan Braes on Adir Syde
Scho powtert with hir Lymms ſae wyde;
Laſſes micht lair at hir to ſtryde,
Wald gae to Luvairs lair.
Scho markit to the Land with Mirth,
Scho quhirrd fyve Quhails into the Firth,
Had croppin on hir * *Geig* for Girth,
Walterand amang the Wair.

IX.

MY Fader mekle *Gow Macmorne*,
Out of his Moders Wame was ſchorne,
For Littlenes ſcho was forlorn,
Sican a Kemp to beir:
Or he of Age was Zeirs thre,
He wald ſtap owre the Ocean Se,
The Mone ſprang nier abune his Knie,
The Heavens had of him Feir.

* A Kind of an old faſhioned Net uſed now for catching of Spouts.

X.

ANE thouſand Zeirs ar paſt frae Mynd,
Sen I was generit of his Kynd,
Far furth in Deſarts of the Ynd,
Amang Lyon and Beir:
Worthy King *Arthur* and *Gawane*,
And mony à bauld Bairn of *Bartane*
Ar deid, and in the Wars are ſlain,
Sen I could weild a Speir.

XI.

THE *Sophie* and the *Sowdoun* ſtrang,
With Battles that haif laſtit lang,
Out of thair Bounds has maid me gang,
And turn to *Turkie* tyte.
The King of *Francis* grit Armie
Has brocht a Derth in *Lombardie*,
That in the Countrie I and he
Can nocht dwell baith perfyte.

XII.

Swadrick, *Danmark* and *Noraway*,
Nor in the Steids I dar not gae,
For ther is nocht but burn and ſlae,
Cut Thropples and mak quyte.

Yrland

Yrland for ay I haif refuſit,
All wyſe Men will hald me excuſit;
For neir in Land wher *Earſe* is uſit,
To dwell had I delyt.

XIII.

I haif bene formeſt ay in Feild,
And now ſae lang haif born the Scheild,
That I am crynit in for Eild
This litle, as ze may ſe:
I haif bene baniſt undir the Lynd
This lang Tyme, that nane could me fynd,
Quhyle now with this laſt Eiſtin Wynd,
I am cum heir perdie.

XIV.

My Name is *Welth*, therfore be blyth,
I am cum Comfort zou to kyth,
Suppoſe ilk Wretch ſuld wail and wryth,
All Derth I ſall gar die:
For certainly the Truth to tell,
I cum amang ze now to dwell,
Far frae the Sound of *Curphour* Bell,
To live I neir ſall drie.

XV.

Now ſen I am ſic Quantitie
Of Gyans cum, as ze may ſe,
Quhair will be gotten a Wyfe for me,
Of ſiclyk Breid and Hicht?
In all this Bour is not a Bryde
Ane Hour I wate dar me abyde,
Zet trow ze ony Heir beſyde
Micht ſuffer me all Nicht.

XVI.

Adew a quhyle, for now I gae,
But I will not lang byde ze frae,
I wiſch ze be conſerft from Wae,
Baith Maiden, Wyfe and Man:
God bleſs them and the haly Rude,
Gif me a Drink, ſe it be gude,
And quha trows beſt that I do lude,
Skink firſt to me the Kan.

FINIS. The Droichs Part of a Play.

Auld

Auld Kyndneſs quite forzet quhen ane grows pure.

I.

THis Warld is all but fenziet fair,
And as unſtable as the Wind,
And Faith is flemit I wat not quhair,
Treſt Fallowſhip is ill to find,
Gude Conſciences is all made blind,
And Charity thairs nane to get;
Leil Luve and Lawty lys behind,
And auld Kyndneſs is quite forzet.

II.

QUHYLE I had ony Thing to ſpend,
And ſtuffit weil with Warlds Wrack,
Amang my Friends I was weil kend;
Quhen I was proud and had a Pack,
They wad me be the Oxter tak;
And at the hich Buird I was ſet,
But now they let me ſtand aback,
Sen auld Kydneſs is quite forzet.

III. Now

III.

Now I can find but Friends few,
Sen I was prized to be pure,
They hald me now but for a Shrew;
Of me they tak but little Cure;
All that I do is but Injure:
Thocht I be bair I may not bett,
They let me ſtand upon the Flure,
Sen auld Kyndneſs is quite forzet.

IV.

Suppoſe I mein I am nocht mendit,
Sen I held part with Povertie,
Away ſen that my Pack was ſpendit,
Adieu all Liberality.
The Proverb now is trew I ſee,
Quha may not give will little get;
Therefore to ſay the Verity,
Now auld Kyndneſs is quite forzet.

V.

They wald me hals with Hude and Hat,
Quhyle I was rich and had enouch,
About me Friends enow I gat;
Richt blythly then on me they leuch,
But now they mak it wonder teuch,
And lets me ſtand before the Zet;
Therfoir this Warld is very freuch,
And auld Kyndneſs is quite forzet.

VI. As

VI.

As lang as my ain Cap ſtude even,
I zied but ſeindle myne allane,
I ſquyrit was with Sax or Sevin,
Ay quhyle I gave them twa for ane;
But ſuddenly frae that was gane,
They paſsd me by with Hands plett,
With puirtith frae I was oertane,
Then auld Kyndneſs was quyte forzett.

VII.

INTO this Warld ſuld nae Man trow,
Thou may weil ſee the Reaſon quhy;
For ay but gif thy Hand be fou,
Thou art but little ſetten by,
Thou art not tane in Company,
Bot ther be fund Fiſh in thy Net:
Therfore this falſe Warld I defy,
Sen auld Kyndneſs is quite forzett.

VIII.

SEN that nae Kyndneſs kepit is,
Into this Warld that is preſent,
Gif thou wald cum to Heavins Bliſs,
Thy ſelf appleiſt with ſobȝr Rent,
Live weil and give with gude Intent,
To every Man his proper Debt,
Quhat eir God ſend hald thee content,
Sen auld Kyndneſs is quite forzet.

AD-

ADVICE to be Liberal and Blyth.

I.

I Make it kend, he that will ſpend,
And luve GOD late and Air,
He will him mend, and Grace him ſend,
Quhyle Catives ſhall have Care:
But Praiſe weil pend, ſall him comend,
That of his Rowth can ſpare;
We knaw the End, that all maun wend
Away nakit and bare,
With ean O and an I,
And a Wretch ſall haif nae mair,
But a ſchort Sheit at Heid and Feit,
For all his Wrak and Ware.

II. For

II.

For all the Wrak a Wretch can pack,
And in his Bags embrace,
Zit Deid ſall tak him be the Back,
And gar him cry Alace!
Then ſall he ſwak, away with Lak,
And wate not to what Place,
Then will they mak, at him a Knack,
That maiſt of his Geir hes;
With ane O and an I,
Quhyle we haif Tyme and Space,
Mak we gude Cheir, quhyle we are heir,
And thankful be for Grace.

III.

Were there a King to rax and ring,
Amang Gude-fallows crownd,
Wretches wad wring, and mak Murning,
For Dule they ſould be drownd.
Quha finds a Dring, or auld or ling,
Gar hoy him out and hound.

Now let us ſing, our Cares to ding,
And mak a gladſome Sound,
With an O and and I:
Now are we further bound,
Drink thou to me, and I to thee,
And let the Cap go round.

IV.

QUHA underſtude, ſuld have his Gude,
Or he wer cloſd in Clay,
Sum in thair Mude, they wald ga wid,
And die lang or thair Day;
Not worth a Hude, or an auld Snude,
Thou ſhall bear hence away;
Wretch be the Rude, now to conclude,
Full few ſall for thee pray,
With an O and anc I,
Gude Fallows as langs we may,
Be merry and free, ſyne blyth let us be,
And ſing on tway and tway.

Quod Jo. BLYTH.

The End of the firſt Volume.

CONTENTS

OF THE

First VOLUME.

	Page.
CHRIST'S *Kirk on the Grene,*	1
The Thistle and the Rose,	15
Panygyrick on Sr Penny,	27
Virtue and Vyce,	31
Bytand Ballat on warlo Wyves,	51
Robin and Makyne,	56
Advyce to a Man to enjoy his ain,	64
The Fleming Bark,	67
Defens of Grissel Sandylands,	71
The Battle of Harlaw,	78
The Fenziet Frier of Tungland,	91
Tydings frae the Session,	98
A general Satyre,	102
Wyse Sayings,	107
The Complaint to his Mistress,	108
Cupid quareled for Tyranie,	112
Invective againſt Mouth Thankleſs,	115
The Soutar and Tailziors Flyting,	118
Ballat to the Scorn of wanton Women,	
The Lament for the Loſs of the Poets,	

The Wyfe of Auchtermuchty, 137
The Borrowſtoun Mous, and the Landwart Mous, 144
On Conſciens, 159
On the Creation and Paradyce loſt, 161
The Devils Advyce to his Freinds, 171
Ballat on J. Violet, A. Quhyt, and J. Reid, 176
On K. JAMES V. three Miſtreſſes, 184
The Lyon and Mous, 185
The Tod and the Lamb, 200
On anes being his ain Enemy, 204
Benifit on Ladys that ar Gude Soliciters, 206
Another on the ſame Subject, 209
The Viſion, 211
Jok Up-a-lands Complaint, 231
The Garment of a gude Lady, 234
To the Honour af the Ladys, 237
The Daunce in Hell. 230
The Tournament between the Soutar and Tailzor, 247
The Amends made to Birs and Thimble, 253
The Lovers Mane that dar not ſpeak, 256
Ane Interlude of the Droichs, 258
Auld Kyndneſs quite forzet, 265
Advyce to be liberal and blyth. 268